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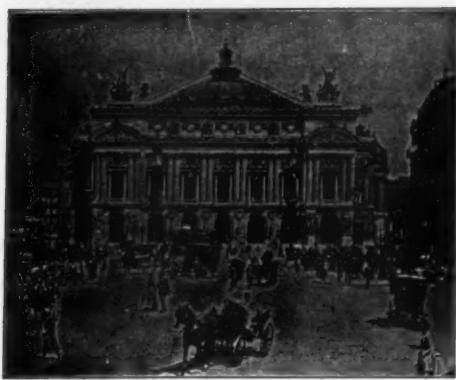
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THE MUSICAL COURIER,
8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES,
PARIS, August 6, 1890.

PARIS.

Trees! I love trees better than men.—BEETHOVEN.

YOU can walk through this Paris these summer mornings from 5 to 11 without once getting the sun; every minute through sections of the Garden of Eden, perfume-laden bowers of the most exquisite trees in infinite variety of all colors, forms and expression, trees that seem vital, pulsating, breathing, speaking almost; among billows of juicy grass without a weed; flowered walks, and lakes of flowers, fountains, and sprays, and ivies, perfume and freshness; every object not only cared for but petted; not a speck of dust on your shoes, not a blow of wind on your garments; miles and quarters, and other quarters and more miles, all the same; clean, trim, watered, washed, formed; variety infinite, symmetry complete; the whole thing filled with a strange, almost actual presence; everything stirred; no death, no pain, no strife, no weakness, everything, everywhere, limitless, voluptuous luxury.

You must sleep in Paris to get it. There is no other way. It is a bath of life luxury. It is delight indescribable once it grows upon you, and it must grow like art or your hair. You can't buy it, you can't hurry it. No earthly use thinking to see Paris with your eyes. It must come as a consecutive succession of experiences, just like art development.

The whole thing is one object of art framed in the most artistic of nature and still as the Garden of Paradise. No wonder they don't ever care to get out of it. Why should they care to leave anything so beautiful and so newly beautiful every day? Why should they want to hurry? Beauty will be here to-morrow as beautiful as to-day. Why bother that the means of communication are slow? Why want to go anywhere? It is as beautiful one place as another. Why want to achieve? Ambition is such a nuisance, there is no glory that can come to you as intoxicating as this golden mist that saturates your senses. Why struggle for riches? Nothing could be better than this you are walking through.

The whole thing is one endless drunk.

How can anyone walk with stooped shoulders or turned-in toes through such places? How can anyone plan harm or think hate? How can anyone act disagreeably or be rude? How could anyone be rude! How can anyone plan to give a man 2 frs. for his 5? How dare a teacher say to the pupil of another, "Come study with me"? How can a man drink cocktails through such hours and support the thought that he is thus only poking over the smoldering rags of his manhood, and that Nature—distrusted—scorns him? How can anyone head for remorse, seeing—

And yet, and yet, mystery of mysteries and strangest of all, you think all that and you feel it, and at the same time you feel that you are on the brink of the folly of your life. You can't escape the sensation of a precipice. There is a strange unseen and all-powerful drag over your senses that means instability. You tremble at a sound, at a touch, that, like a Niblo transformation scene, shall swing the whole fairy palace into a crackling mass of hissing devils, you, willingly, among them.

For that's Paris!

How strange a thing this Paris! How strange a thing this life! How strange a thing this angel-devil of a soul that is put into our keeping for the simple sake of seeing what we will do with it, in the few short years! Is that all there is to the story of the Garden of Eden?

How I pity people who spend all these heavenly months delving and diving in horrible trunks, pulling and hauling over their creased and tumbled finery that looks old while new; tearing and driving in the glaring sunlight through

midday dusty streets to abominable depots, to catch wretched trains and homely hurried boats, wasting precious time fighting with poor coachmen, and wrangling with unfortunate porters, to avoid giving 3 sous for 2; with minds and foreheads furrowed with petty, undisciplined perplexities; in their ungraceful utility garments herded with others, equally ungraceful, furrowed and un-congenial; "doing time" with roasting guide books, to have to say they saw; and who pass in one city gate and out the other, without bathing one hour in the real glories of European civilization; who in their wild search to do, to spend, to buy, to see, never pause one moment to feel.

You cannot see Paris with your eyes, you must bathe in it, steep in it, grow in it. For living in Paris is Art.

Bizet—Fragments de la jolie fille de Perth; Suite de l'Arlesienne, Introduction, Menuet, Réverie Carillon; Selections from Carmen; Ouverture de Patrie.

Berlioz—Marche de Troyens à Carthage; ouverture de Benvenuto Cellini; Roméo et Juliette; Fragments de la Damnation de Faust; Ballet des Sylphes, Chœur des Soldats, Marche Hongroise.

What do you think, for instance, of the luxury of this music played in the mise en scène of one of these Parisian bowers? What a mise en scène for the music, and what a music for the mis en scène!

An incessant panorama of tone pictures, and tone pictures of life, not merely of notion. What do you think, for instance, of a Ballet des Sylphes where you fancy that it makes itself, not made by an orchestra? When you hear the soldiers' chorus throbibly come and go through the stately trees you realize the agony of the man who, feeling all this slipping from him, could sell his soul to the Prince of Devils for even a week of reprieve. Carthage is there with the tree trunks for columns, and Troy—the wooden horse might be anywhere. Carmen, the she-devil, too, is there with her tambourine and the flames in her eyes, and even the decent, well behaved boughs salute her. Roméo and Juliette had no more beauteous scene about them when they stretched the arms of their hearts to heaven and pleaded with the day to wait.

People? Oh, yes, some 1,500, whose presence does not interfere one bit. Quiet, still, well-bred, self-contained, respectful and respecting, the grand mondaine receptions might well envy music the audiences which assemble in these forest salles.

The light small chairs are arranged so straight and even; and the people leave them so. There is no tipping back, lounging or rocking, nothing that could annoy or disturb anyone else. How could there be? In the very farthest outside row you could hear a violin string break or a key being twisted. Between the numbers a subdued movement takes place here and there and a few changes of seats. The instant the first chord is drawn you would think death has mown down the crowd.

More yet, if the piece happens to be a grave, tame, un-rhythmic one, you get the same chance to hear it that you do a more fascinating one. There is no vulgar letting go of attention by certain groups as much as to say: "Shut up, that bores me, so I do what I like." Oh, no. *Somebody else might be enjoying it*, you see; and of course when everybody feels that way of course they are all still.

If one were deaf one could enjoy going to those open air music in France, just for the deep pleasure given by the unconscious politeness of this gentle race. For this sort of audience is much more typically French than that found at the Grand Opera, for instance, where English language is largely spoken—often, alas, even while a great composer is talking!

How do they keep their dogs and their children so still, I want to know?

For there are many dogs there in the company, from the stupid pug who has to be shown his feet when it is time to walk to the brainy caniche who looks as if he read Greek and Latin, but you would never know it. At the close of a number you see a woman walk off with a doggie companion by her side, a mauve ribbon between them, or a gentleman with his little friend in pink string, but you will not hear a "down there!" a whistle or a growl for a month of Sundays out there under the social trees.

Children are there of all ages from lack of responsibility to loss of it, scattered all over back to the trim green hedge and beyond it, and you would never know it while the music played.

Yes, during the Benvenuto Cellini number one darling white muppet of a baby kept putting its midget of a forefinger into the dimple of a beautiful brown face that was hanging backward over its mother's knee, making the latter give little hysterical chuckles. The mortified father walked the whole culprit outfit off and out of the grounds with a more apologetic air than one would have who was taken up for a "drunk and disorderly" on Newspaper Row or City Hall Park.

Another adorable Christmas doll of a midget, with Récamier face and eyes like sloes, asked papa twice: "Où donc est maman?" The man put his finger on his black

mustache, then on her moist coral lips, looked awe for a couple of seconds into her widening eyes, and whispered something close into her mite of an ear. He then set her to beating time to the music, "un, deux, trois, quatre," and when the rhythm changed he passed to a dainty little pantomime of a dance with their hands; all so gently, quietly and effectually that not three people saw and nobody heard, and the Cellini memorial was undisturbed.

They won't have it, you know. They won't allow their children to disturb seventy or eighty people for a mere whim. They don't allow their children to be troublesome. That's how. They control them. And why not?

INTERPRETATION.

The keenest thought and the greatest artist must quail before this subject.

A dawning perception of what it means comes on finding that a third and fourth reading of the letter from your dearest friend leaves you still with undiscovered country between your soul and his. (That means, of course, a letter with thought in it.) Let him write ever so distinctly, let you read ever so clearly, and still that elusive perspective of shading continues to throw up its delicate lines, away and away and down, long as the mind-eye can look.

This, too, with somebody who lives in your time, thinks in your habit of thought, addresses you personally, and who is allied to you by blood or feeling, to aid the transmission. The words seem but mere guide posts, so little do they convey of the message thought.

Add to this a stranger mind, who writes on a subject in which you have not been thinking, in a way that it has never before been presented, what nice and careful weighing must be given the reading, and what risks of misconception!

Add to this that the stranger person has lived in another age, whose environment, influence, education, thought-food and even means of expression were wholly different from yours—unless one takes the pains, and infinite pains they are, to study back into those conditions, nothing but the simplest germs of thought common to all human nature have a chance of transmission, even from the creator to the receiving mind.

When, in addition to that mental transmission, an expression of that far removed thought enveloped in those far away conditions is attempted the task becomes still more involved and uncertain. When the means of expression are totally different from those in use by the creator it is still less sure. When the one who undertakes to express is not sufficiently master of the means in his hand the pulse beat of the original becomes weaker and weaker in the work.

If that person happens to be devoid of the certain subtle sixth sense that can transfer his mentality back through the centuries, push aside all intervening conditions, and, with unerring clairvoyance, unearth the original intention, the case is hopeless; falsehood, not truth, is expressed; sacrilege is committed; treason is done, and misinterpretation takes place.

By an overweening vanity of executants claiming to have this sixth sense when scarce possessing five, they disdain study, scorn research, and trot eternally in the sheep path circle of self, and so give ego productions. They call off the words of the message only, or color them from their own time, their own thought, without reference whatever to the real author.

These people have created a sense of false shame as to marks or indications such as might at least approach the sentiment intended, and a so-called "musical sentiment," more often lack of it, is made to do violence to truth in musical composition.

In writing one should not only write out of his own circumstances, but into the circumstances of the recipient. Unfortunately master musicians, blinded by the light of inspiration (*i.e.*, clearness of sight in the subject themselves), have wholly ignored the obscurity or difference of condition into which their thought must penetrate, and so have rarely given any indication whatever of the ideas they meant to convey.

The great artist meets this dilemma with bowed head and self-effacing search. Impudence scorches through in the dark, regardless of his victims, and none are sorry when he goes head foremost himself down the precipice of oblivion.

M. Mathis Lussy, of Switzerland, is one of the former class. That he is already a wise man himself is seen in his being lauréat of the Institute of France, member of the Academy of Fine Arts, corresponding secretary of the Academy at Geneva, and professor in the International Academy of Music.

M. Lussy claims first that expression (or the science of interpretation) is much more neglected than it once was, for the reason that the habits of modern society demand that all should cultivate music, while formerly only those feeling it their vocation attempted to do so. He further finds that there is not in existence a book containing rules

and practical directions for accentuation, shading, regulation of tempos, &c., which are absolutely necessary to those not born with the divine musical sentiment—or clairvoyance.

The horror of being thought devoid of this gift by executants has no doubt made authors chary of offering them any aid in the road to true interpretation. So, alas, many of them have gone along obeying the dictates of their own sweet wills—and hopelessly blind fancies.

Teachers have been in the habit of helping deficient performers, by phrasing for their special use the vocal and instrumental works of masters; but what M. Lussy finds lacking everywhere is the *reason or cause* of certain emotions, for which all marks, signs and indications must be only effect. For he claims that there is in all composition a certain logic of cause and effect that makes all arbitrary action in the matter artistic crime.

An explanation of these causes and effects, and of the mysterious laws of "expression," so called, has been the object of M. Lussy in a clear, clever and wholly novel treatment of this whole subject under the head of "*Traité de l'Expression Musicale*," which appears in an enlarged sixth edition and which will be spoken of from time to time later on in these columns.

* * *

HOME FOLKS.

Miss Jessie Shay, with mother and sister, are passing through Paris en route for Berlin, where the capable little piano artist has a series of engagements to fill under the management of M. Wolff. It is possible that she may play in St. Petersburg and Warsaw, if not in Paris, before her return to America in January. Miss Shay has already done wonders for her age in establishing a reputation over the heads of many. Of course her excellent training in Mr. Lambert's music college, and that teacher's wise care in her début, are responsible for much of her success. The MUSICAL COURIER will always be interested in her success, as a product of home training, as well as for her own unusual ability.

M. Alberto Jónás, the Spanish pianist, is in Houffalize, Belgium, with his parents, resting, reposing and composing, before entering on the new year at Ann Arbor.

Edouard Zeldenrust, the pianist hollandais, is in care of a celebrated nerve specialist in an unpronounceable Swiss town, where there are about 200 people who have likewise done too much for their strength. Mr. Zeldenrust does not expect to be able to tour again before January, as all playing is interdicted for the next seven weeks.

When will people learn that preservation is better than cure? It does seem as if the majority of people would rather cry over spilt milk than to drink it.

Mme. Riss Arbeau, the Paris pianist, who meditates America for the coming year, plays over 175 Chopin compositions and about 500 pieces in all, and all from memory. Think what a feat that is, especially when we consider concertos, &c. This artist, by the way, was a first prize Conservatoire pupil. M. Thomas used to say she had real genius.

Mr. Herbert H. Joy, a vocal teacher all the way from Tacoma, is in Paris. Mr. Joy is also associated with the State University at Seattle, where music is taught and of which he is superintendent. He is studying theories of teaching with Delle Sedie, and will take back to America one of the most intelligent ideas of the phonetic process of learning French that has yet crossed the ocean.

Because he has always been deeply interested in the phonetic process of learning English. Indeed, he numbers among his valuable acquaintances the lady who first of all invented the method in America, a Mrs. Pollard, of Iowa, a kindergarten teacher. She created it first for the benefit of her own children, but in America a good thought spreads like wild fire, and she has, I hope, become rich in the bargain, as a more inestimable gift could not be bestowed upon a nation.

Mr. Joy is a valuable sort of mind to have in music, a man of common sense, intelligence, a lover of system, order, regularity, consecutiveness, rare enough in the culte, especially of vocal folk. He taught with success in Chicago and is known in New York, but the health of one of his children demands life on the Pacific Coast. He was one of the first directors of oratorio in that section, the many English people settled in the place being good oratorio material. Basso Foli, of London, who has a three-months' home on the coast, aids in the good work with whole heart and superb voice.

Mr. J. is organist as well, and has studied with Phelps and Federlein. In London he has been examining theories with Garcia. He is a warm adherent of Virgil philosophy, *i. e.*, concentration upon the pursuit of an object till the object is attained, and he has unbounded faith in the still greater future of the clavier.

Miss Emma Stanley (Dreyfus), of St. Louis, a well-known church and concert singer there, has had a six years' course of study in Paris just crowned by an engagement at the Royal Opera of Ghent, Belgium. Thence to Brussels will be but a step if she is successful. She is armed with fourteen French rôles, a high falcon soprano,

strong will, experience in French salons and the provinces, and many friends, Sara Bernhardt among the number. She makes her début in *La Juive* and will create rôles in *the Valkyre* and *Tannhäuser*.

Miss Adelina Hibbard, of the Strathmore, N. Y., who has been studying vocal systems, leaves Paris for a short rest before returning to America in September. She is associated in music work with her sister Hortense. More anon.

Mme. Berthe Duranton, a concert player and piano teacher here and thoughtful first prize of the Conservatoire, suggests the great disadvantage under which pianists labor compared with other executants. They are compelled to play on different instruments on every occasion. All other players, even of the harp, carry the customary medium of expression with them wherever they go. Few people think of this. Still, there is possibly more disturbing difference in pianos than in any other instrument played.

Mrs. Jungens and Miss Beatrice Davidson write glowing accounts from Bayreuth. Lilli Lehmann is the most &c., &c., orchestration, accompaniments, *mise en scène*, everything first class and gorgeous. Lots of fun, good times. No Paris for some time.

Do not forget Miss Annie Snyder, a La Grange vocal teacher, who has just gone home. Help your own folks when they are good. See card elsewhere.

* * *

Among French people who are at Bayreuth are Delna, who has sung for Mme. Wagner with her usual success; M. Guilmant, M. Gabriel Fauré, who takes the grand organ of la Madeleine from the skillful hands of M. Th. Dubois this coming year; MM. Pfeiffer, Erlanger, Bertrand, Risler, Pister, chef d'orchestre, Prince and Princess de Polignac; la Baronne de Rothschild; Comte de Romain, and Comtesse de Pourtalès.

M. Dubois was organist of la Madeleine forty years. He is yet a young man. He made his début as organist at the then Chapelle des Invalides for 25 frs. a month, and was later at Sainte Clotilde, where M. Pierne is now, passing thence to la Madeleine, to replace M. Saint-Saëns.

The noble director of the Conservatoire, you may be sure, does not leave his loved organ bench without deep regret. Not for the salary surely, which is probably not more than \$600 a year, but for the association, environment, habit and locale-love so dear to the French artist's heart. He speaks of the indescribable inspiration of the place and the service to the real organist, who, stirred and moved by the surrounding effectiveness, is led to make improvisations that are often musical gems. He speaks also of the demand for secular music at weddings, where operatic marches are much in vogue. The Mendelssohn Wedding March has almost passed into disuse, and the Pilgrims' Chorus from *Tannhäuser* is frequently sung, with Latin words of course. I suppose, were sacred music protected for the authors as is secular writing, M. Dubois would be an extremely rich man to-day, as he is one of its most important contributors. But unfortunately it is not.

* * *

Delna longs to sing *Proserpine* now. It seems that it is admirably suited to her voice. *Orphée* and *Didon* are her favorite rôles. She loves the public better than critics. Since March she has played on an average three times every week. She believes in cold water, lots of air, and is a great climber of mountains in vacation. She avoids singing in salons and summer resorts.

Maurel tells the *Figaro* that he cannot rest in the sense of being idle, but changes occupation and current of thought. He walks much, fences, boxes, and practices gymnastics, hunts and fishes. His idea of physical care is to avoid excess. He does not believe in falling into the eccentricities of toilet common to resting folk, but dresses in a graceful mean that avoids shocking either peasant or club friend.

He learned many useful things in America, particularly in the line of hygiene, also how to harvest money. But he found that too much haste is waste. The coming season he plays Don Juan (Mozart's), Goldmark's *Reine de Saba*, *Rigoletto*, *Falstaff*, and *Moyna*, by Isidore de Lara. To enjoy a rôle it does not matter whether it is of tramp or prince if well written musically, suitable to temperament, and that costumes are well fitting.

Edmond Missa and Alphonse Duvernoy are among newly admitted members of the Society of Dramatic Authors. Saint-Saëns, Leccq. Pailleron, Aurélien Scholl, Halevy, Sardou, Meilhac, Rochefort are among the older members.

The Chimes of Normandy was given in excellent style at the Gaieté this week.

M. Mouquet, the young *prix de Rome* (music) this year, is twenty-nine, the son of modest storekeepers who left him orphan at six years. He commenced study as flutist under Taffanel. Strong on harmony and counterpoint, he is pupil of M. Dubois.

M. Chas. Lefebvre, professor of class in ensemble music at the Conservatoire, was decorated Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur at the Distribution des Grands Prix this year.

A sketch of this interesting musician, composer of *Judith*, *Zaire*, *Djelma* and other operas, was given in a MUSICAL COURIER number last year. Look it up.

The Wagner-Wilder-Ernest-translation suit at last closed. Sad but true, there is no monopoly in translation, and an operatic work is considered finished so far as collaboration is concerned when finished in the original tongue.

The Opéra made 100,000 frs. more this year than last; the Opéra Comique loses almost that sum. The whole amusement business in Paris made 1,000,000 frs. more than in '95.

Bismarck once said: "How can a few conceited puppets add to the effect? Give me the good music alone!"

It is told that Marie Antoinette played the *Marseillaise* on a clavichord in the Temple. Think of that for a quirk! If she did, it was not the first quirk in her feather-headed life. What can you expect of a head that is born, not made?

* * *

I am brought to task for the use of the word "some" in a recent letter. In speaking of the honesty of purpose of French artists I said:

"I believe in it as I do in the maternal instinct of *some* women."

Heavens and earth, and don't all women have the instinct—why, we always thought—we thought, you know—you know—&c.

A long and racy letter might be filled with illustrations proving the fitness of that very word in that very place; I shall content myself, however, by quoting a well-known axiom of the immortal Sol Smith Russell:

"Not much they don't, you know!"

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

From Paris.

M. Léon JANCEY.

M. LÉON JANCEY leaves Paris on September 5, reaching New York about the 14th. He will give daily lessons in his specialties (see page 3) to a limited number of pupils *for one month*.

Address all communications henceforward care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, Union square west.

The imperative demand for a large number of former pupils resident in the States induces this short visit this year, when plans will be made for regular annual visits of three months each. M. Jancey's New York address will appear later in this paper.

Eibenschütz.—Prof. Albert Eibenschütz has left Cologne, and taken up his abode in Berlin.

Hollaender.—The cellist Gustav Hollaender is engaged for the new orchestra at Hamburg.

Cracow.—A new opera, *Copiana*, by Ladislaus Zelenski, has been produced at the city theatre, Cracow, with remarkable success, and the composer was enthusiastically called out.

Loewenfeld.—The young composer Hans Loewenfeld, whose operetta *Pitts* was given at Berlin last winter, is engaged on a three act operetta based on *Macchiavelli's* comedy *Mandragora*.

Sims Travels.—Sims Reeves will start on his seventy-ninth year by singing in South Africa, where he has gone with his wife and baby. That is, it is called singing by some people, but there is not a healthy tone left in the aged tenor's voice.

Tinel.—M. Edgard Tinel, the composer of *Franciscus* and director of the music school at Malines, has been definitely appointed to succeed M. Ferdinand Kufferath as professor of counterpoint and fugue at the Brussels Conservatoire of Music.

Boll's Musical Calendar.—Two prizes have been awarded by the proprietors of Boll's Musicalish Haus und Familien Kalendar for compositions by Ottile Starck, of Berlin, and Richard Kühle, of Liebenthal. Both pieces will be published in the edition of 1897, which will contain also an unpublished song by Gounod with German and French text.

Tartini — A monument to Tartini was unveiled August 2 at Pirano. Like Paganini, he was very eccentric, and the peasantry believed him possessed by the devil. He was so flattered by the idea that he called his best work *The Devil's Sonata*. He was not a mere virtuoso, but a composer of talent and excellent theorist and an unrivaled teacher. The monument is a bronze statue, in which he is represented with a violin in one hand, a bow in the other.

Schubert.—Three new songs by Schubert, the existence of which had not been suspected, have been found in Vienna, in the possession of Frau Mayerhofer, a grandchild of Schubert's friend, F. M. L. Mayerhofer; they are contained in an old *Stammalbum*. Schubert wrote with great facility, and was very careless about matters, so that it is probable that many of his compositions are still floating about neglected or are selfishly concealed from the public.



ROME, August 2, 1896.

I AM extremely happy and full of deep appreciation for the magnificent opportunity Santa Cecilia gives into my hands for the making public what has now come to our gifted, ambitious, faithful, young musicians through this grand old institution's loving and generous gift to them—the taking of the final musical education, the finishing impressions, the touches of deeper historic erudition, the molding and permeating influences which can only come in full measure and in their highest and most significant quality from living in an ambiente that is truly artistic and from close and daily association with those great interpreters of the divine art who may fitly be called its high priests; and all this is to be free from any tuition and perquisite cost whatever, and attended and followed and surrounded by loving, profound and tender interest as conscientiously as if the fortunate ones were princes of the blood! I have hinted at this thing several times, very strongly indeed once or twice, but I have never been fully and officially and completely advised until now.

This is exactly what my statement means: Santa Cecilia has established a sort of Grand Prix for our students; she has a deep and tender admiration for American talent—so deep and so true an admiration that she opens her own doors wide to receive and to nourish this talent from her own rich stores of erudition and resources.

She recognizes fully the perfection and excellence of our home training, and its general sufficiency, but she also understands the strong desire felt by those who are to be leaders—erudite, sympathetic, fully prepared leaders—in our coming rapid musical progress to study in an ambiente essentially and purely pertaining to the art itself—an ambiente whose influence is much the same upon these strong, tender, eager, sensitive, young, artistic minds, growing up in our tremendous commercial and industrial and resource developing and resource demanding and creating atmosphere, as is the influence of the classic, reposeful, exquisite symmetry Roman and Italian architecture attained in the long centuries of Rome's building upon the young artists who come over here to drink in all these combined and characteristic beauties and elegances of form and contour detail, and then go back to our own busy, whirling, growing, onward rushing life to add touches and whole measures of beautiful and strength producing repose and majesty to our tremendous structures which may so easily tire the eyes and weary the brain that attempts to trace the full extent of their skyward limits, and that, considering the period of time in which they have materialized, may be classed as offspring of the Tour Eiffel!

One such structure—two, three, a hundred judiciously scattered—may be both useful and durable and marvelous, but a city full of them! "Good Lord, deliver us!" What sensitive mortal brain could stand the strain and support the burden of such an ambiente! And then, again, (apart, but I cannot help saying it), what earthly need of too great a conglomeration of such buildings is there in our broad, free domain, whose boundary lines are the great seas and oceans? It seems to me there is far more feasibility, as well as felicity and real, normal, healthy, enduring strength, in Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man! Go West!" than there is in overpowering, overwhelming going up into the air for the sake of having a pied-à-terre in some especial locale. Why? Perhaps because it is more convenient or that some one else is there.

But this is the narrowest kind of reasoning, for any place may be made convenient in our grand, fertile land, and it is much better for good things to be mixed and scattered than bunched and taken at a dose or not at all! So, I say, bless and aid and stimulate those young men (and young women, too, for a dainty, golden haired, blue eyed lassie has been among our architectural students here in Rome with Mr. Lord the past season) who come over full of American enthusiasm and will and energy and assimilate the luxury of repose the old Romans knew so inimitably how to build into their own dwellings, and take the essence of it back home with them and put it into action, adding power and strength to our republic. Why, they are prolonging the lives and energies of our business men for who can say how many years—just through these vital touches of repose which make one's brain rest whether he will or no—these beautiful and impressive contour harmonies that enter his very soul and stay there with refreshing persistency. It is this very architectural repose that makes trips to Europe and Japan and Algiers such restoratives to strained, battered health and strength and

productive energy. It is one of the fullest and most vibrant notes in foreign education.

Great European composers do not as a rule locate in the twentieth story of some tremendous and imposing edifice, whence they look down—so very, very far down—upon earth and people that both seem the merest kind of pygmies, and through such an overpowering height that if one is unaccustomed to it makes his brain reel or gives him the sensation of walking on stilts that are very high indeed and very toppling; a domicile height that is altogether superfluous for artistic inspiration even if G altissimo is to be reached, where no cities in the world afford more perfect opportunities for a veduta a vuol d'uccello than the beautiful and matchless, graceful towers of our own afford. No, indeed, these European masters of composition get as close down to Nature's great, beautiful, warm, fragrant heart as they possibly can; they tie them, if they may, to some quiet, delicious vine garlanded and palisade guarded river side, or some delicious promontory with grand rocks kissed by the sea, which now murmurs about and embraces them like a lover, now rises and swells and breaks into majestic, commanding chords like a deity; trees bending and whispering above them, flowers flinging clouds of incense about them, Nature's own quiet, like which there is nothing more pregnant with sound to those who may hear, surrounding, embracing, magnetizing them; they wander through Normandy and Brittany, they go to the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Caucasus, across the Russian steppes, or up among the Scandinavian fjords; they dream in Japan's magnolia groves, they float idly, deliciously, down Italian streams that pass grand ruins, happy, singing people, chiming bells, exquisite and imposing landscape contours, and then they come back and weave the rural echo of these things into grand, splendid memories, fabrics from the threads they have gathered here and there, threads of sunset and sunrise, and moonlight and perfume, and life's inner life, and all the mystic, beautiful phrases God has written in His great book of melody for our transcription and toward which the mass of man is all too prone to turn the back and shut the eyes or to see only through a dense, bleared, golden mist!

But how is it I have gotten architecture and music and the divine economy of genius so mixed up! Ah! It is Santa Cecilia which has led me off in this way. It is Santa Cecilia, toward which I look from my windows in this higher, newer, most beautiful and salubrious residential part of Rome—across the gray mass of the ancient city lying symmetrically low, bound with the gold and opal Tiber, girdled with the exquisite contour of forest crowned and villa gemmed hills; it is Santa Cecilia that is responsible for my wandering; the temple whence for long centuries has arisen the purest breath of what these inspirations mean; it is Santa Cecilia that offers the rich fruit of these inspirations to the children of our young republic, because she loves them and sees and feels what their great talents may and will become. It is Santa Cecilia which—like the paintings and the marbles of the old masters—opens her matchless pages to show how far the great masters of harmony followed art through nature, and how closely they sang of nature through art, and so to give new depth and strength in the adaptation and interpretation and influence of these grand things to the circumstances and the demands of to-day! And in this development she offers her richest stores, her libraries and musical treasure houses, her lectures and concerts, her warm, true patronage, the teaching and guidance of Sgambati and Pinelli and Monacchesi and De Sanctis, and in all probability of Virginia Marini, collaborator with Ristori and Salvini and Rossi, and Alessandro Vessella, prince of Italian band directors and instructors—all this, too, for three whole years, the Santa Cecilia term of perfezionamento to our fortunate young student winners. What a bond of international artistic association and enjoyment will thus have been established!

If on no other ground than this all America should unite in sending its heartfelt acknowledgments to Santa Cecilia's young president, the Count of San Martino, and to Filippo Marchetti, her gifted director, and to everyone else who followed their initiative immediately this subject of Italian-American musical bond was broached. But it will do more than this; it will strike the keynote to that musical harmony of which architectural harmony is a prototype, and everyone who puts his hand to its broadening and its development is a national benefactor (just as the supporters of the Grand Prix de Rome of France are), who should be aided and abetted in every possible way, both public and private. There are many of these ways, of which I will mention a few a little later on.

The competitive program for the American Santa Cecilia scholarships has not yet been decided upon. It will be the same in every place and in every case in each different department, and will be thoroughly and carefully detailed in THE MUSICAL COURIER on the president's return, exactly when I cannot tell, but in time for the coming season. Our earnest and ambitious musicians must watch THE MUSICAL COURIER's announcements, that is all.

The free scholarships will, as I have said, extend over a period of three years each, and will include all the privileges of the Accademia and Liceo. Only one scholarship

can be awarded in each department at the same time, and the new ones can only come at the finish or retirement of one of these (as also in the Grand Prix).

The departments are, as now agreed upon:

Piano, Sgambati.

Violin, Ettore Pinelli and Monacchesi.

Composition and orchestral director, De Sanctis.

Voice, Cortini, Falchi, Ugolini or Persechini.

And probably

Dramatic action, Virginia Marini.

Band leadership and preparation, Alessandro Vessella.

The department of dramatic action, or the liceo d'arte drammatica, is an important and novel adjunct to the Santa Cecilia course, the academy having decided and the government having agreed that hereafter she will send her pupils from her doors not only musically but histrionically prepared to meet the dramatic and lyric demands made upon them.

Virginia Marini, whose voice is so rich and sweet and vibrant with the sentiment of thought that a great critic once said of her, after spending evening after evening in the fascination of her most beautiful presentations: "I have not only been to see la Marini's wonderful dramatic action but to enjoy her splendid vocal harmony!"—Virginia Marini is, as I said once before, to be the head of this school.

She says: "Dramatic action, proper expressive interpretation, are as much a part of harmony as the tones themselves; music and dramatic intelligence are as inseparable as form and color."

Isn't it rare fortune to have such a head as this for such a school? I hardly need say how deeply Ristori and Salvini are also interested in it. Ernesto Rossi was to have been chief of the male department, which, like the female department, is to have two professors, each of wide fame. The dramatic school will open contemporaneously with the Liceo in November. There could be nothing more opportune for our scholarship winners than this innovation.

Santa Cecilia is so lavishly generous in providing such liberal instruction and influence for our young musicians that it seems to me something should be done on our own side, especially if that "something" would make the conditions absolutely perfect, fill them out in the most practical and satisfying way, like, for instance, the provision of home and homely care, the feeling that here is a spot to which they (the scholarship winners) hold absolute right and title; that they have no harassing need to think of genius-disturbing necessities; that the government to which and the people to whom they belong have provided for all these things as beautifully as Santa Cecilia has provided for their instruction; that all that is asked of them is to grow strong and develop and improve to the utmost the splendid opportunities that may be made so fruitful to the whole of their native land. I'm sure there would be hardly one of those students but would have the spirit and the perseverance to fight their way ahead; to earn here a little and there a little; to economize in the most pitiful way, if they might only have the health to finish! But, oh! what a nipping, dwarfing, frost-like influence this fighting in a foreign land has upon such natures! It is like planting the germ of a beautiful tropical plant, that might be a joy to all who see it, in a bleak, cold, unsheltered, wind driven place, and saying: "It has sun and air; the seed itself is there; let it take care of itself!" Sometimes it dies; sometimes it grows even in spite of the difficulties so foreign to its nature, but never under such circumstances can it attain its own sweet, rich, inspiring beauty; it is always less than it might have been, and the fault is—whose? The plant's? the weather's? I don't think it a difficult question to answer!

And this pathetic, stunted, ordinary plant—the more pathetic for the genius gleams that can never be quite killed, no matter how they may be paralyzed, might have "filled the whole earth with the shade of its foliage, the beauty of its song!" Let us do with a jewel or two less; let us build our tremendous edifices one, two, three pianos lower—those that remain will be more beautiful for the thought—and give their cost to the production and perfection of those other jewels that may become mines of satisfying wealth!

I really think it is the duty of our own side to see that these pupils come over here to homes, to the possibility of absolutely abandoning themselves to artistic growth. A comparatively small contributed sum could act as a living and expense fund, say from \$50 to \$100 each month, for the scholarship holders, and as there may not be more than five of them at a time, the whole amount would be, as you see, a mere bagatelle for the blessed investment of money which would yield so rich an interest. Then, again, there may be from year to year different ones among these students who are amply able to pay their own expenses; so much the better if the sum that would have been used by them be added to the general treasury for future comers less fortunate than they. But it seems to me that the very best and noblest and most beautiful, as well as most dignified, way of all would be for our republic to own its home for these busy, ambitious students. Why, indeed, now that the permanent foundation of an American school of architecture and fine arts is almost an accomplished thing

(and the wisest and the noblest of progressive moves) here in Rome, why not buy a suitable locale to hold forever, to be known by our name, to be regarded by our students as their home, just as the academies of France and Spain are looked upon by their students? These two sightly buildings are among the finest in Rome, but I know of one vastly handsomer than either of them, a palace and a domain that have been vainly coveted by royal princes for centuries; I know, too, that this magnificent place, with its incomparable gallery of casts and models, its superb frescoes and its matchless marbles and alabasters and precious stones, its sweeping arcades, its famous statues and spreading rose and orange and citron gardens, its inspiring mountain views and all may be purchased for not more than 7,000,000 lire as it stands, furnishings, works of art and all, and what is 7,000,000 lire—\$1,400,000—to a company of our great generous capitalists for the dignity and the progress of our whole land and our whole people!

Why, even one of our rich men or women could afford such an indulgence as this, which would bring a constantly increasing revenue to their memory, of gratitude and beauty and symmetry development. It is not generally known that this magnificent place may be bought, otherwise it would have been long ago; but I know it, and I know its princely owner is in full, strong sympathy with art progress in our republic, so I am quite ready to give any information that may be desired on the subject.

Shouldn't we be proud to see over this superb structure at the great entrance gate of the domain—"American School of Architecture and Fine Arts"? Who will be the Louis and the Napoleon and the Colbert and the Castellar to carry this thing through? And how much time must this precious genius be kept back, compressed, until it is done? Why, indeed, should it not be done now so our own Palace Beautiful may open its doors in Rome to the winners of the scholarships who come hither another season. It is not the giving of alms I am suggesting, but the development of noble, patriotic enterprise, the names of whose promoters and founders would be forever blessed. Villa Aurora, where our American School of Architecture has been located this past time and where the American art students have congregated, is very pretty, but it is far too small. It lacks the dignity and the character such an establishment should have. The archaeological students have seceded from it, and gone off to a charming villa on Via Gaeta, belonging to Mr. Waldo Story, and about to have been occupied by him at the time of his lamented father's death, which made his own occupancy of the splendid home that had so long been the Story's in the Barberini Palace, and that had almost equally been the home of Browning and Hans Christian Andersen, Liszt, Fanny Kemble, Harriet Hosmer, and all the other celebrities that had learned to know and to love our great and noble countryman, incumbent upon his son.

This year's closing exercises at Santa Cecilia were held in the sala di concerto ten days ago; an immense crowd "assisted" and at the long table on the platform before which the pupils came to bear off medals and diplomas the courtly Syndic of Rome, Prince Ruspoli, various other representatives of municipality and government, and the Count of San Martino, with his associates, were seated. The official list of the administrative commission is as follows:

Count Enrico di San Martino e Valperga, presidente della Royale Accademia, presidente della commissione.

Avocata Deputato Giuseppe Frascara, vice-presidente della Royale Accademia, vice-presidente della commissione.

Maestro Commendatore Filippo Marchetti, direttore del Liceo.

Count Giuseppe Franchi-Verney della Valetta, rappresentante del Ministero dell'Istruzione Pubblica.

Don Fabrizio Colonna, Prince d'Avella, rappresentante dell'Amministrazione Provinciale.

Marchese Adriano Berardi, rappresentante dell'Amministrazione Provinciale.

Prof. Cavaliere Francesco Viviani, rappresentante e vice-presidente della Royale Accademia.

Cavaliere Giovanni Tonetti, rappresentante della Royale Accademia.

Maestro Cavaliere Alessandro Parisotti, segretario della Royale Accademia, segretario della commissione.

A concise and interesting report of the year's work, prepared by the director and secretary, was presented by Prof. Francesco Saverio Collina, in which special and felicitous reference was made to the two important new adjuncts—the scuola d'istruzione per banda, opened the past season, and the scuola d'arte drammatica, to be opened next season, and to the strong, new, vigorous impulse that has developed under the presidency of the Count of San Martino—producing rich fruit. Thirteen pupils leave the academy this year as maestri, with splendid records and musical gifts. Of these eight are pupils of Sgambati—Laura Gai, Ester Marengo, Alessandro Bustini, Elvira Campa, Ida Taboga, Maria Cavi, Giuseppina Guibiani, Maria Mancinelli; one of Professor Forino (violoncello), Giuseppe Falconi; one of Signorina Sarzana (harp), Olga Massucci; one of Prof. Michele De Leva (contrabass), Urbano Calligari; one of Professor Mannelli

(ottoni), Alfredo Battagli, and one of Prof. Wenceslao Persechini (canto), Giuseppe De Luca.

The first and the last of these, petite Signorina Gai, who looked much less than the seventeen years she has just attained, and Giuseppe De Luca, of whose magnificent baritone voice and fine presence I have already told *THE MUSICAL COURIER'S* readers, received premi straordinari from the ministry of public instruction, in addition to the licenses and handsome silver medals they won. Signor De Luca has one of the most remarkable voices ever graduated from the Accademia and Liceo, and Sgambati's class in its entirety is one of brilliant promise. Mr. Arthur Strutt, of whose charming Lieder and orchestral compositions (he is a pupil of De Sanctis) I told you some time ago, was also the winner of a medal. The closing program was altogether excellently rendered and received with great attention.

The first number, Beethoven's andante e rondò del quartetto in mi flat for piano, violin, viola and violoncello, was finely directed by Signor Bustini (who proved himself of rare quality in this important position), pianist, with G. Lucietto, violin, pupil of Professor Ettore Pinelli; F. Riva, viola (Professor Pinelli), and G. Falconi, violoncello (Professor Forino). The beautiful composition was given with such rare intelligence, finesse and delicacy that the audience forgot to criticise after the first few measures, and gave itself up to sympathetic enjoyment.

The aria from *l'Africana* (the second number of the program) was given with much expression and feeling by Signorina Pollini, with piano accompaniment by her teacher, Signora Zaira Cortini-Falchi. The sweetness of Signorina Pollini's voice was no surprise to Santa Cecilia habitués, but no one outside her teacher had imagined the compass and volume of her voice before; her high notes were particularly sweet and clear and her trill was liquid as a nightingale's. Little Signorina Gai gave such finished treatment of (a) Chopin's *Studii* and (b) Liszt's *Studio di Concerto* that she was enthusiastically recalled, a fact that tells volumes for her accent and shading and agility, the points on which these extremely technical selections depend.

A very dramatic as well as rich and powerful voice and sympathetic personality was that of Signorina Giulia Pignani (Professor Ugolini), who gave a splendid rendering of Rossini's difficult *Cenerentola*. I am confident that another year or two will find this young lady established as an opera favorite. Two of the gems of the program were the last numbers, the *Vieuxtemps Finale del Concerto in mi* for violin, which is so like the sweetest, most entrancing strains of Linda di Chamounix, and aria from Donizetti's *Don Sebastiano*. Pinelli's young pupil, Lucietto, has every quality necessary for a virtuoso of the first order; passion, absorption in his theme, exquisite delicacy and profound depth and richness of touch and an exceedingly rare and graceful bowing. He is an artist and a genius as truly as is his successor on this program, young Signor De Luca, already established as an attraction par excellence in the most critical musical gatherings of Rome, and I have told you how critical they are. He is sure to have scores of offers, he has had a great number already, but he is sensible as well as an artist. It is only a question of a very little time though how soon you may hear him in America. And now for a few

GENERAL NOTES.

Vessella, who is a fervent admirer of Wagner, starts for Bayreuth in a few days. En passant, our impresarios have "been after" him very urgently, and there is a certain offer before him that he is considering very seriously. He cannot, however, pack his orchestral and band scores and his sixty men and all their belongings into a gripsack at a moment's notice and jump onto the first ocean steamship that comes along, as one of these impresarios begged him to do. The result would be too hazardous to suit Vessella's extremely artistic and conscientious character. In the centre of his drawing room there stands a splendidly lifelike bust of Wagner, one of the finest and most speaking likenesses of the maestro I have ever seen. When I found out it is the work of Pagano I understood in a moment how it is this artist, with his rich, Oriental coloring and fancy, strikes always such grand chords of color harmony, for he, too, is a worshiper at Wagner's shrine.

La Tempesta, Raffaello del Frati's beautiful and elegant opera, which had been accepted by Sir Augustus Harris for an early presentation at Covent Garden, is now under negotiation for a first presentation in America. The queen of its graceful ballet will probably be Edra Santoro, the bewitching little queen of the present Italian ballet, who danced herself and the works she appeared in straight into the full tide of public favor at all the first Italian opera houses last year.

Another most interesting and original opera you will probably hear in America next year is Collina's *Fornarina*, of which I gave the synopsis to *THE MUSICAL COURIER'S* readers some time ago. The first European production will probably be in Vienna, where it is already under advisement.

There is a Hungarian female band at the Gambrinus outdoor concert Halle—the most refined and beautiful concert garden in Rome—right in the heart of Palazzo Ruspoli.

The band is drawing splendidly, and is said to be a great success. I haven't heard it yet, but duty says I must soon, and then I may tell more about it. The reclam card says all its members are from the Royal Conservatory or Liceo of Budapest; if so it should deserve its popularity here.

I am told a London manager has secured Leoncavallo for a gita. Just what he is going to do with the gifted author of *I Pagliacci* and *I Medici* and *Chatterton*, and a greater or less symphony list, I don't know.

Sgambati and his handsome wife are still in town.

The Cavaliere Lucidi, piano teacher and accompanist to the Queen and professor at Santa Cecilia, with a little group of his confrères, has gone off to the Tuscan Hills to be refreshed and to witness the beautiful mezzo Agosto festas.

The Count of San Martino is resting at Villa Cardenas, Ardenza (Leghorn).

Marchetti is off at Gressoney at the foot of Monte Rosa with a party of Her Majesty the Queen; afterward he will go as usual for a visit at the Duchess of Genoa's summer palace at Stressa.

Signor Parisotti is at Marinella a Mare. Our sculptor, Franklin Simmons, and his gifted wife are at the Bagne de Lucques, where the Sgambatis always spend part of the summer. As I was passing Mr. Simmons' studio the other day I saw two colossal and majestically beautiful figures for the Logan monument being shipped to the foundry.

Professor and Mrs. W. Walling Clark (Fanny Butts), with Master Donald Clark; Professor and Mrs. Sitterly and children, and Miss Helen Imogen Hathaway, who has been making splendid progress under Sgambati's teaching, are all off in the Tyrol, near Innsbruck.

Miss Vickery and Miss Bayse leave next week for a trip on the Danube. Dr. Burt and his entire family are in Switzerland. Mr. C. G. Pfander, who is at work on a series of aquarells that are like a symphony of ancient Roman days, leaves to join his brothers, the Messrs. Swinburne, at Bingen on the Rhine. Before very long you will see these extremely interesting paintings, together with a contrasting modern series, and welcome this good and gifted gentleman in America.

The usual summer outgoers have left Rome for the season, and yet the City of the Seven Hills was never more beautiful and never more literally occupied by Americans than it is this lovely August day.

THEO. TRACY.

Mendelssohn—A Critical Estimate.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

(Continued.)

AS to Mendelssohn's personal character there have been very various opinions expressed. That he was a man very much beloved by a large circle of friends there can be no manner of doubt. It is the fashion now to refer to him as having been, if not vain, at least egoistical, very much wrapped up in himself and in his own music, and jealous of anyone who seemed likely to draw away public attention from himself. There seems really to be no ground for this, except in the fact that he did not take Schumann as seriously as it is supposed that he ought to have done. But this may surely be accounted for without any discredit at least to the moral side of Mendelssohn's nature. Artistically, the two were not and could not be much in harmony with each other. Schumann was essentially an enthusiast, with something of the narrowness of an enthusiast. He regarded music as before all things a medium of poetic expression, and was indifferent to finish of detail so long as the expression was genuine, sincere and striking. Mendelssohn, with his acute and refined perception as to finish of form and detail, must naturally have regarded Schumann's work as deficient in this respect, and may on that ground have quite honestly misconceived and underrated the real value of Schumann's compositions, which must have appeared to him as often crude and unpolished; nor so far can it be said that his judgment was at fault. Schumann may have been the more earnest poet; Mendelssohn was certainly the more accomplished artist.

The best key to Mendelssohn's real disposition, for those who did not know him personally, is, of course, to be found in that series of sparkling and vivacious letters to his family and friends which attracted so much attention when they were published about fifteen years after his death. Coming before the world at a time when the fever of admiration for his compositions was still (in England at least) little abated, their intellectual interest was somewhat exaggerated. The letters of musicians, it must be confessed, have not generally been very interesting reading to the world at large. It was something new to find a man whom one had only heard of as a composer of music evincing such varied sympathies with whatever was beautiful in art and nature, and with his own opinions, expressed in a very lively manner, on political and social questions. But, after all, there is nothing in these letters, apart from the subject of music, which many another well educated man might not have written without any noise being made about it; but they throw an interesting light on his views

and his temperament as an artist. We may gather from them that he was much more in earnest in his artistic aspirations than is at present generally admitted; and on the other hand, that he was exceedingly catholic in his sympathies, and that he attached great importance to finished execution in musical performance. These two latter qualities have probably done him no good with the advanced school of critics. It is quite certain that Mendelssohn could have had no sympathy with the style of composition of which Rossini was the coryphaeus (indeed, he says so very decidedly himself), and yet, instead of hating and libeling Rossini, as he manifestly should have done, he writes with the greatest enjoyment of his meeting with him at Hiller's one day:

"I really know few men who can be as amusing and witty as he is, when he chooses; he kept us laughing incessantly the whole time. I promised that the St. Cecilia Association should sing him the B minor mass, and some other things of Sebastian Bach's. It will be quite too charming to see Rossini obliged to admire Sebastian Bach; he thinks, however, 'different countries, different customs,' and is resolved to howl with the wolves. He says he is enchanted with Germany, and when once he gets the list of wines at the Rhine Hotel in the evening the waiter is obliged to show him his room, or he could never manage to find it. He relates the most laughable and amusing things about Paris and all the musicians there, as well as of himself and his compositions, and entertains the most profound respect for all the men of the present day—so that you might really believe him, if you had no eyes to see his sarcastic face.' Intellect, and animation, and wit sparkle in all his features and in every word, and those who do not consider him a genius ought to hear him expatiating in this way, and they would change their opinion."

Alas! "it is much that a jest with a sad brow will do"; and Mendelssohn evidently had too much human nature about him to be a sound iconoclast. After this one is not surprised to read of his disgust at the German musician (much too German a German for Mendelssohn) whom he met at Bunsen's, who laid it down that "music must be handled every day," and thought that Spohr had "no earnest purpose," or his exclamation in reference to the interview: "O Heavens! I wish I were a Frenchman!" This is indeed "flat burglary as ever was committed." The importance which he attached to perfect execution of music, even when he had little sympathy with the executants, is characteristically shown in his remark in regard to some of the great Italian singers of his day, and their appearance at a rehearsal which he was presiding over—

"Toward 10 o'clock at night, when I was tired enough, the Italians lounged in, with their usual cool nonchalance. But from the very first moment that Grisi, Mario and Lablache began to sing I inwardly thanked God. They themselves know exactly what they intend, sing with purity and in time, and there is no mistaking where the first crotchet should come in. That I do not like their music better is no fault of theirs."

Truly, one may feel inclined to echo this, when one thinks of the kind of performance which too often passes for singing nowadays. And this respect for sound execution is in itself a good and healthy characteristic; it is the way a musician ought to feel.

Yet in spite of the fact that Mendelssohn could admire Italian singing, and (worse still!) could even enjoy hearing Thalberg play his own fantasias for the piano, there is evidence enough in the letters of his serious view of his art. After complaining, in one of them, of the constant prevalence of superficial ornamentation in the Italian Catholic masses, from Durante and Pergolesi down to the

(1) It may be questioned whether the worthy Hiller understood the joke as well as Mendelssohn did, and whether he was not himself the butt of his dear friend Rossini without knowing it. I was told an amusing story many years ago, by a musician who had been intimate with Rossini, how Hiller, fired by the success of Rossini's operas, said to him one day, "I think I must go to Milan and produce an opera in the Italian style," and how Rossini solemnly encouraged him: "My dear Hiller, you, with your knowledge of counterpoint and grasp of the science of music, will find an Italian opera mere child's play; it will be an easy triumph for you," &c.; the motive being to enjoy the joke of sending off Hiller on a task in which he had not a chance of succeeding.

(2) The name of this person is not given.

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present day, he adds, "Were I a Catholic I would set to work at a mass this very evening; and whatever it might turn out it would at all events be the only mass written with a constant remembrance of its sacred purpose." Had he forgotten Palestrina and Bach, or did he think that their masses, too, were rather written to exhibit grasp of musical art than devotional feeling? He may possibly have been right, if that were his thought. Certainly Beethoven's two great masses, pathetic as they are in some parts, are written for display in other portions (both the Et Vitam choruses, for instance), and his one oratorio still more obviously so. It is certain that had Mendelssohn composed a mass he would simply have consulted the feeling of the words and endeavored to express it as his first object. There are many other passages in his letters which evince the same feeling in regard to the setting of words to music. In regard to instrumental music the most interesting passage in all the letters is his reply to a man who had asked him the meaning of some of the Songs Without Words, or what was the idea underlying them. The meaning to him, he said, was the composition as it stood, and he could not understand the suggestion of any other kind of meaning. The whole letter is specially interesting on account of its curiously Mozart-ish turn of thought, and even of phrase. Jahn has noticed how Mozart, in his letters about his own compositions, never gives any indication as to the feeling of the music, and only refers to the form and construction of the composition; and there is an analogous reserve in this letter of Mendelssohn's, which is unique among the "Correspondence," and might almost have been written by Mozart.

If, recurring to the question alluded to in an earlier page of this essay, "Is Mendelssohn to be ranked among the great composers?" we sum up the evidence for and against his claim, I think the verdict must be *proxime accessit*. It is true that from one point of view his record seems too remarkable for such a conclusion. To say that a composer has left the most beautiful and highly finished symphonies and the finest overture (The Hebrides) since Beethoven, the best violin concerto and the best piano trio since Beethoven, the most popular and effective oratorios since Händel, and the best organ music since Bach (*longo intervallo* certainly)—and I think all these propositions can be maintained—seems almost tantamount to calling him a great composer. No doubt he was somewhat in need of the kind of advice which Clough gave to his friend Shairp—"go through Dante's Inferno again; it will burn some of the rose-water out of you, old fellow." Mendelssohn certainly wanted some of the rose-water burned out of him; occasional expressions in his letters show that he was not unconscious of this himself; and this is obviously the feeling which is at the root of a good deal of the modern criticism directed against him. But at a time when so much new music is produced of which we are obliged to consider carefully whether we enjoy it or not, there is surely something to be said for a composer whose music, at all events, is invariably pleasant to listen to; who offers us no such ill-digested crudities of harmonic progression as made a great organ player remark, while listening to the introduction to Schumann's Symphony in C—"It's like bad extemporizing!" It seems to be forgotten sometimes that beauty in art is really one of the highest forms of power; as some one recently said very well in regard to Greek sculpture—"It is strong because it is beautiful"; and the same reasoning applies to such works as Mendelssohn's symphonies. If they have not the dramatic power, the intensity of pathos, which characterizes, for example, the remarkable symphony by Tchaikowsky which has recently excited so much attention, they have the merit of being far more spontaneous in melodic quality, far more perfect in form, far more permeated by pure beauty of sound; they are perfect works of art as far as they go; and artistic perfection of style and form will always tell in the long run, in music as well as in poetry. Nor must we forget to acknowledge Mendelssohn's power, displayed in many of his best songs, of producing effect on the emotions of his hearers by the simplest means. It is true that many of his melodic creations have a strong family likeness; but it is none the less true that a considerable number may be extracted from his works which have a perfectly distinct individuality.

(1) To André Gouchay: Vol. II., page 298 of the English version of the correspondence.

which can hardly be surpassed in pure melodic beauty, and which require no elaborate orchestral framework to set them out with adventitious interest. I was much impressed by his power in this respect when turning in once, during the dead period of the London musical season, to a "classical evening" at one of the promenade concerts at Covent Garden. The house was crowded in every part and promenade concert audiences are not always very quiet, but the song *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* was listened to in breathless silence, followed by a burst of applause and a re-demand, the repetition being listened to with the same reverence as before. I remember thinking at the time that to be able to hold a large and very mixed kind of audience spellbound in this way, by a perfectly simple song melody, repeated in each verse without ornaments or embellishments of any kind, and supported only by an equally simple piano accompaniment, was a test of genius not to be despised; while the applause of the "popular" audience seemed a very suitable tribute to the composer who said, in his kindly way, when suggesting that the program for a proposed concert was a little too severe in its character—"For the people have rights."

With all this, however, we cannot but recognize that in comparison with those whose status as "the great masters" is definitely fixed Mendelssohn has shortcomings of an important nature which prevent us from ranking him exactly with them. It cannot be denied that he is a mannerist, and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in composition he fails, comparatively speaking, just where the stress of construction comes in. He had all the ambition, all the breadth of interest and sympathy, of a great composer, but just fell short in technical power. The mere fact, which crops out in one of his letters, that he could not compose without a piano at his elbow, or did not feel safe without one, seems in itself to put him on a different level from that of the greatest masters of the art. But in questioning his right to a place among them, I am asking the reader to choose his "great masters" by the highest and most exclusive standard. Leaving out of question living composers, of whom we are not speaking here, the list as I regard it includes only Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. These only seem to fill all the conditions required. Palestrina possibly, and Purcell certainly, would have been among them, had those great geniuses lived in the mature and developed period of the art. Wagner, of course, will be thrust among them by many persons, in the present mood of the musical world; but even if Wagner's operas ultimately retain the place now claimed for them (about which I have my own opinion), we cannot range with the great masters of the art one who has made a success only in a special treatment of one form of composition. Haydn might be objected to as being too light a weight, but Haydn had all the qualifications that have been cited, including that varied resource in construction in which Mendelssohn was deficient, and he may enter where Mendelssohn may not; but he is a model in a sense in which Mendelssohn is not; nor must we forget that we owe mainly to him the evolution of the symphony or sonata form, the great defining form of modern instrumental music. But if the standard of definition of a "great master" is to be at all extended or lowered, to include others than those five peers of the art, I believe Mendelssohn, among deceased composers, has the next right of entrée, and that he has prior claims over either Schubert or Schumann, as a more robust genius and possessed of more varied powers than the former, and a far more consummate artist than the latter.—*Fortnightly Review.*

A Minister-Composer.—The Italian Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Gianturco, a celebrated lawyer, composed a sonata for piano and violin which was lately played by his excellency and Teresina Tua, the minuet being very charming.

WANTED—An experienced musical lady, who can act as secretary and manager to a musical artist during the coming season. Must have practical knowledge of musical affairs generally, and be able to give personal attention to business affairs. In fact, must be a business woman competent to interview business men and negotiate with them. Address, "Business," care of this paper, with reference and past record.

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BRITISH OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 Princes Street, Cavendish Square,
LONDON, W., August 8, 1896.

MME. ALBANI will make a tour of the United States and Canada next autumn, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Langley, Mr. Braxton Smith and Mr. Lemière Pringle.

The Royal Choral Society will commence their next season on October 29, ending on May 6. The Golden Legend will be performed on November 19; St. Paul, with Mr. P. Greene, on December 1; Messiah, on January 1; Händel's Israel in Egypt, and Schubert's Song of Miriam, February 11; March 3, Redemption; March 25, Parry's Job and Spohr's Last Judgment; and April 16, Messiah. Dr. Bridge will enter this season on his duties as conductor of the society.

Princess Ludmire Wrede gave a brilliant soirée at the Burlington Hotel on the 17th inst. The Princess Ludmire belongs to the nobility of Hungary, and has taken up singing purely for love of the art. She has been studying with Madame Marchesi of Paris, and has attained to considerable proficiency in the interpretation of the higher class German and French songs. Her singing was much appreciated by her guests on this occasion.

Mr. Pedro J. Tillet, a partner with Mr. N. Vert in the well-known Cork street concert agency, was married on July 22 to Miss Mabel Gertrude Plumbe, and the large number of people who gathered at the wedding to bid the young people God-speed was certainly representative, and showed how many friends Mr. Tillet has already made. Nor did these friends come empty handed. They brought upward of 200 gifts, embracing such a wide variety of useful and ornamental presents that these young people will have plenty of souvenirs of this happy occasion through life.

The marriage ceremony took place at St. Andrew's, Wells street. The service was fully choral and very impressive. Afterward a reception was held at Queen's (small) Hall, when several hundred people proffered their congratulations and best wishes. Most of the presents were arranged on the stage of the hall in such a manner as to make an effective display.

Mrs. Ludovic gave one of her delightful artistic evenings at the close of the season. As usual, she had a large number of interesting people present, and in consequence everyone enjoyed the excellent music provided, as well as the social part of the occasion, so admirably led by the charming hostess. Among the vocalists who contributed were Miss Marie Donavin, the well-known soprano of New York, who sang Cowen's Spring Is Come; Mrs. Birmingham, of San Francisco, who has a rich contralto, a serenade by an American composer, and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, some excerpts from Shamus O'Brien. Miss Fennings played delightfully some violin solos, and Miss Clara Asher selections for the piano, while pleasing recitations were given by Miss Bennett and Mr. Arthur Wellesley.

Mme. Mai Norcrosse gave a musical evening last Saturday, when the invited guests had a rare treat in the singing of this operatic artist in selections from several of the rôles that she has sung with so much success on the Continent. Mr. Webster Norcrosse, whose resonant bass voice gives such an adequate foundation for the Meister Glee Singers, sang with much spirit; while the host and hostess

were ably assisted by Miss Regina de Sales, Miss Holland and Mr. Cunningham. Mr. Arthur Wellesley recited.

A large number of people were present at Mme. Constance Younger's musicale, when Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, the eminent baritone, sang in his own inimitable way the prologue from Pagliacci. Among other artists who contributed to a well arranged program were Miss Jennie Barnett, Mme. Shatel, Miss Agnes Bearfield and Mr. Val Germont.

At the Temperance Fête at the Crystal Palace, on July 21, choral contests and concerts formed the chief part of the proceedings. The gathering, numbering over 25,000 abstainers, and including 170 choirs, took place under the auspices of the National Temperance Choral Union.

Dr. E. H. Turpin, who judged the adults' contests, had difficulty in deciding, so high was the quality of attainment. There were also two choral concerts of 5,000 voices each, conducted by Mr. W. Goodworth.

The annual festival of the Sunday schools was held at the Crystal Palace on July 18, when 5,000 singers, from about 100 schools in London and the suburbs, took part in a concert of the Händel Orchestra. A considerable number of hymns, anthems and choruses were in the program, among others The Song of the Cornstalks, a chorus from Mr. Cullingford's cantata Britannia, Sir Arthur Sullivan's harvest hymn, To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise, and Newton's famous hymn, Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken, the last sung to the melody of Haydn's Austrian National Anthem. The choir has been formed for the promotion of a better knowledge of vocal music in Sunday schools, and to enable the scholars to assist in the efficient rendering of church services, and, lastly, to cultivate a taste for good music, both sacred and secular, in the homes of the scholars.

THE NEW WORK.

The new oratorio by an English composer, of which I wrote last week, and of which I can now give some particulars, is scored for the full modern orchestra, with additional parts for double bassoon, bass tuba and organ. The principal vocal parts are for a soprano, a tenor and a bass singer.

I have already stated that the subject matter of the book is taken from the Psalms and Chronicles. It has been compiled by a very clever littérateur, who has suited the words in every respect to the requirements and ideas of the composer. Without going into detail, it may be said that the subject selected is one of the most splendid in the Old Testament, furnishing as it does opportunities for war choruses, Oriental coloring in the orchestration and contrapuntal devices of the most advanced character. Most of the numbers, it may also be observed, are complete in themselves. The oratorio opens in orthodox manner with an overture. In the introduction the arrival of messengers of a certain Oriental potentate is announced. The first subject then portrays how the messengers relate, in an excited manner, about the discovery of an hitherto unknown country, which is ruled over by a powerful sultan. In the second subject, the principal soprano—or rather the character that she assumes—meditates over the story, and it is finally decided that an expedition shall be made. It is, nevertheless, impossible to continue hunting about the subject of the plot, however much I may wrap it up, without betraying prematurely the subject of the work. Briefly let us say, then, that Part I. of the new oratorio consists of fourteen numbers. No. 1 is a chorus, entitled In Jewry is God Known, this being a hymn in praise of Jerusalem as the favored city of God; No. 2, for tenor, is an aria foreshadowing the expedition about to be made; No. 3 is a tenor recitative; No. 4, a march (allegro vivace), with chorus. In this picturesque piece of writing there is a first trio for male voices and a second trio for female voices, alternately grave and gay, followed by an exposition of the march with combined chorus, broad and big, terminating with a short but pompous coda; No. 5 is a tenor recitative; No. 6 introduces a charming soprano air, the feature of which is the asking of a question; the answer immediately follows in the bass solo, No. 7; a second question is thereupon asked in a soprano recitative (No. 8), a bass recitative and aria replying and a soprano recitative propounding a third question. The culminating answer is given in an exciting duet for soprano and bass—with plenty of execution for the strings—in No. 9, which ought to be one of the most popular numbers of the work.

This is immediately succeeded by No. 10, a restful and grand chorus, growing in exultation toward the finish; No. 11, a tenor recitative; No. 12, a soprano recitative and aria; No. 13, chorus and soprano solo; and No. 14, a straightforward choral fugue—the climax of two numbers—as broad in style as Händel without being Händelian. This ends the first part. Part II. begins with No. 15, a bass air; and this is followed by (No. 16) an unaccompanied chorus or quartet. This chorus is impressive by reason of its religious fervor, and is perhaps more appropriate for performance in a cathedral than on a concert platform. No. 17 is a tenor recitative; No. 18, a chorus, finishing in Gregorian manner; 19, tenor recitative; 20, soprano air; 21, tenor recitative; 22, a smoothly written and melodious trio for the three principals; 23, a chorus, and 24, a final chorus, consisting of an introduction and fugue with a bold subject, the coda furnishing a truly majestic finish. So closes the oratorio proper. There follows then an epilogue consisting of four numbers of a reflective character. These are: 25, soprano air; 26, chorus; 27, bass air, and 28, chorus with trio, and then finale. It appears to me that were it wished to curtail the performance the epilogue might well be omitted without interfering with the intentions of the composer.

* * *

There is nothing musical doing in London just now, and will not be until the end of next week, when the Carl Rosa Company will open their season. The promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, so successful last year, will be resumed at the end of August, under Mr. Robert Newman's management, with Mr. Henry J. Wood as conductor. The Queen's Hall is particularly well suited for promenades, and the effect of the area, decorated with palms and plants, with delicately shaded lights, is very pleasing indeed.

LONDON, W., August 15, 1896.

London at the present moment is deserted by musicians who are spending their holidays at the numerous resorts in these isles or on the Continent. The number who attended the Bayreuth Festival this year has been larger than ever before. A number of these visitors have taken advantage of being in Germany to visit many of the principal cities and interesting places with which that country abounds.

Others who have not gone as far afield are enjoying a rest at the English resorts by the sea, the Lake district or in Scotland or Wales. Music at these places is certainly varying in quality, and as a rule is furnished by itinerant musicians whose répertoire is made up of the latest popular songs or lightest instrumental music. I am told that these wandering players make a good deal of money during the summer season.

At some of the resorts fine orchestral music is to be heard, Llandudno, where the veteran Julius Riviere has a good band, and Blackpool being two notable instances. At these concerts our leading vocalists and solo instrumentalists also appear.

In London the audiences who gather on Sundays in the parks to hear the bands are largely increasing, as are those on week days, who are entertained by the bands of the London County Council in the open spaces in and about London. The class of music that these bands play is also gradually improving, and there is plenty of indications that the musical taste of the English people is improving.

To-night the orchestra of the Budapest Opera complete their engagement at the Imperial Institute.

The Prince of Wales has contributed the sum of £21 to the Sir Augustus Harris Memorial Fund.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., with Mrs. Chamberlain, who is one of the most popular American women in London, will leave to-day for Highbury, Birmingham, and will spend the first week of the vacation there.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge has been engaged for a second time by the Cardiff Musical Society.

Another scheme is now brought forward to give us opera in English at Drury Lane this autumn. Mr. Barton McGuckin, who has for years been a leading tenor in the Carl Rosa Company but who has now left them, has been trying to organize a company for the purpose. More about this later.

At the meeting of the committee for the raising of a memorial to Sir Augustus Harris, held in the saloon of Covent Garden Theatre, free, but by no means unkindly,

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N. B.—Reports have been circulated to the effect that Prof. Scharwenka does not reside permanently in New York. We wish to contradict this statement most emphatically, and to add that he has been and will continue to devote his time and attention to the interests of the Conservatory.

criticism was bestowed upon the recommendations of the executive committee—that of the amount raised 10 per cent should be applied toward the erection of a suitable personal memorial and that the remaining nine-tenths should be divided equally between the Royal Society of Musicians and the Actors' Benevolent Fund, by whom the money would in some way be associated with the name of Sir Augustus. One section of those present, Mr. Cecil Raleigh at their head, contended that a statue should be erected in some public place, and that the surplus funds, if any, should go to the charities, a course which was stated by Mr. Rendle, Sir Augustus' brother-in-law, to have the approval of Lady Harris. Another section deprecated the spending of any large sum on what one gentleman described as cemetery marble and theatrical statuary, believing that the best memorial to a man who was so generous and large hearted would be to aid the musical and theatrical charities in which he took so much interest. A decision was finally adopted that subscribers be asked to notify whether they desired their contributions to be devoted to a benevolent object or to a statue, the money subscribed to be applied to the particular object so notified. This practically means the carrying out of the double scheme, and the chairman, in view of the large sum required, made a special appeal to all promoting the memorial to be zealous in their work.

Miss Marie Brema has been engaged to sing in opera at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, for four dates in November, and six or eight dates in January. Among the rôles in which she will appear will be *Amneris* in *Aida*, *Orfeo*, *Dalila* and *Ortrud*.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York will attend the Norwich Musical Festival to be held in October next. The Prince is always ready to give encouragement to music.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company have during the present week been rehearsing at Covent Garden, and their season will open in Dublin on Monday. They remain in the Irish capital a month, thence going to Belfast for a week and crossing back to Manchester for two weeks. Further than this their route is not fully settled. The artists this year include Mlle. Zelie de Lussan, Mlle. Rita Elandi (of Cincinnati), Miss Alice Estey and Miss Bessie Macdonald (sopranos); Miss Hirkly Lunn, Miss Lillie Williams and Miss Eleanor Harwood (contraltos); Messrs. E. C. Hedmond, Philip Brozel, Frank Wood, Herbert Grover and R. Cunningham (tenors), and Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Alec Marsh, Mr. A. S. Winckworth, Mr. William Paull, Mr. Charles Tilbury and Mr. Homer Lind (baritones). Mr. Claude Jacquinot and Herr Richard Eckhold are conductors. It will be observed that the three leading sopranos and leading tenors are Americans.

The company are negotiating for a London season and something definite will probably be settled in a few days. The only opera that they will at present add to their now very large répertoire of operas in English is *Die Walküre*.

Several managerial eyes other than those mentioned above are on Covent Garden, and probably some definite scheme will be realized for Italian or English opera during October and November.

A fire broke out at Covent Garden Market, just behind the opera house, yesterday, just as the Carl Rosa Company had finished their rehearsal, and but for the prompt action of the firemen there would have been another serious loss to the musical world.

Mme. Nordica has been engaged for twenty performances at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, next season, when she will appear in all the Wagner répertoire. The popular prima donna will still be known professionally as Mme. Nordica, although in private life she is now Mme. Zoltan Döme.

Mlle. de Lussan has also been engaged for next season at Covent Garden. Her success in Carmen this year was greater than ever before. Another American girl, Mlle.

Margaret Reid, sang the part of *Michaela* with marked success.

Mons. Ysaye will revisit England in October, under the management of Concert Direction Mayer. He will co-operate with Mons. Léon Delafosse in two recitals at St. James' Hall on the afternoons of October 20 and 27, and will also tour in the provinces.

The Gompertz Quartet will extend their scheme next year, giving six concerts at the (small) Queen's Hall, namely, on November 11, 25; December 9, 1896; January 27, February 10 and 24, 1897.

Although professional musicians, says the *Daily News*, may pretend to despise the so-called "Lambeth" musical degrees, yet cynics aver that the compliment was never known to be refused. Indeed, while they are still conferred with judgment, the "Lambeth" degrees will, we believe, be considered just as valuable as those granted by the universities, honoris causa, but chiefly to their own officials or to foreign composers. The latest "Mus. Doc. Cantuar" is Mr. William Gray McNaught, who has just received notification of the archbishop's authority—exercised, as we understand, by virtue of a memorial signed by Sir John Stainer, Sir George Grove, and other eminent musicians. Dr. McNaught, who was born March 30, 1849, was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, but he has long identified himself with the cause of tonic sol-fa. He has for fourteen years been chief assistant to Sir John Stainer as examiner in music in elementary schools under the Education Department, and from the outset he has been editor of Messrs. Novello's *School Music Review*.

Alexander Petschnikoff, the well-known violin virtuoso, married, in Warsaw, Miss Lilli Schober, from Chicago.

Achille Lerminiaux, one of the most distinguished violinists in Brussels, has died.

Luigi Arditi, the composer of the *valse Il Bacio*, will celebrate the jubilee of his first appearance (sixty years ago) as performing violinist this autumn. Arditi was a musical prodigy. His musical career commenced when he was fourteen years of age in Milan. His first opera, *I Briganti*, was performed in 1841; he was then only nineteen years old.

Following upon her recent action in refusing to sing at a concert in aid of the Swansea (Wales) Infirmary in consequence of the managers reducing the prices to half a guinea a head without consulting her, Madame Patti has offered to arrange an afternoon concert in aid of the Cardiff Infirmary, promising to secure artists and take a part in the program herself. This offer has been accepted by the Cardiff people, and the event is fixed for September 16. It is probable a civic welcome will be arranged, and in the matter of prices of admission Madame Patti's amour propre will doubtless be gratified.

Mr. F. H. Cowen is putting the finishing touches to a new orchestral symphony. It will be produced for the first time in public during the coming season of Hallé orchestral concerts at Manchester.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The general program for the Worcester Festival has been issued, and the following are down for performance: St. Paul, Händel's Samson, Verdi's Requiem Mass, Elijah, Messiah, first and second parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Schubert's Great is Jehovah, Goetz's By the Waters of Babylon, Spohr's God, Thou art Great, Schumann's Rhenish Symphony, Hugh Blair's cantata, Blessed are They Who Watch, and his Jubilate in D, Gounod's Savoir of Sinners and Judea, Purcell's Te Deum, Sing to the Lord (Mendelssohn), Beethoven's Hallelujah to God's Almighty Son, Sullivan's In Memoriam overture (in memory of Dr. Done), and Mr. Edward Elgar's new work, Lux Christi. This is founded on the ninth chapter of St. John's Gospel.

The artists will be Mme. Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Jessie King.



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Messrs. Hirwen Jones, Watkin-Mills, Plunket Greene, Mrs. Glover Eaton, Miss Constance Barber, Messrs. J. A. Smith, W. M. Dyson and Ineson. Mr. Hugh Blair will, of course, conduct, and the organ work will be shared by his brother organists of Gloucester and Hereford—Messrs. C. Lee Williams and G. R. Sinclair.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

The Norfolk and Norwich Festival will be held from October 6 to October 9, inclusive.

The preliminary program gives the following works: Jephtha (Händel); The Rose of Sharon (A. C. Mackenzie, conducted by the composer); Peer Gynt Suite, No. 1 (Grieg); Blest Pair of Sirens (C. Hubert H. Parry, conducted by the composer); violin concerto in D minor (Frederick Cliffe, written for the festival and conducted by the composer); Fridolin (A. Randegger); Elijah (Mendelssohn); Hero and Leander (Luigi Mancinelli, written for the festival and conducted by the composer); The Redemption (Gounod); Leonora Overture, No. 3 (Beethoven); Pausdrig Crohoore (Villiers Stanford, first time, conducted by the composer); Suite in D minor (Edward German, conducted by the composer); Act 3, Lohengrin (Wagner).

The principals will be Mme. Albani, Miss Gertrude Izard, Mme. Ella Russell, Mrs. Katharine Fisk, and Miss Susan Berry, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Reginald Brophy, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Watkin-Mills, Mr. J. H. Brockbank, and Mr. Andrew Black; M. Tivadar Nachez, violin; Dr. Bennett, organist; Dr. Hill, chorus master; Mr. G. H. Betjemann, leader; Mr. Alberto Randegger, conductor.

F. V. ATWATER.

Samara.—The Greek composer Spiro Samara has the intention of forming an orchestra of 100 performers at Athens.

Weimar.—The *Weimarische Zeitung*, on the tenth anniversary of the death of Franz Liszt, suggests the erection of a monument to him in Weimar.

A Duel.—Baron de Nopcsa, director of the Royal Theatres, and M. Diosy, a musical critic, fought a duel at Budapest, in which the former received several trifling wounds.

Vienna.—During the season 1895-6 there were at the Opera House, Vienna, 312 evening and 7 midday performances. Sixty-one operas were given, of which 4 were novelties. Nine of Wagner's works were given 37 times, Lohengrin the most; Hänsel und Gretel, 20; Cavalleria Rusticana, 15; Der Evangelimann of Kienzl, 14; Faust, 14; I Pagliacci, 12, and The Cricket on the Hearth, 12 times.

Leipsic.—In the Old and New theatres, Leipsic, during the season 1895-6, 64 different works were given. Mozart was heard 21, Beethoven 7, Weber 18 and Wagner 32 times. Of 18 German composers 41 operas were given 160 times. Against these are set 8 French, 6 Italian, 2 Bohemian, 1 Russian and 1 Hungarian composer. The greatest number of performances was Hänsel und Gretel 13 and Donna Diana and Lohengrin 11 times.

Bayreuth.—Apropos of the Bayreuth Festival, the *Bayreuther Blätter*, the official organ of Wagnerism, is now publishing a series of hitherto unfamiliar scenes from Der Ring. They were included in the first edition of the libretto, privately printed "for friends" in 1853, but when Wagner began to set the words to music these scenes were either cancelled or were not used. The four night opera is at any rate long enough without them. The Minister of Fine Arts, Berlin, awarded several sums of money to pupils, male and female, of the Berlin Conservatoire, to assist them in visiting the opera performances at Bayreuth. The governor of Alsace-Lorraine also awarded five purses of 250 frs. each, to assist five native musicians to make the pilgrimage to Bayreuth.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
225 Wabash Avenue, August 22, 1896.

IN a few words to the wise of the West Lyman B. Glover, the brilliant writer of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, gave much well deserved praise to the musical progress and musical institutions of Chicago. Calling attention to this city rapidly becoming an art centre, he said:

"Now that students of music throughout the West are casting about for the best possible arrangements for musical instruction, it seems proper to advise them that Chicago offers advantages unsurpassed elsewhere in the United States.

"There was a time, no doubt, when several of the Eastern cities outranked the Western metropolis in facilities for a musical education, but this is no longer the case. Within a few years our music schools have taken rank with the best conservatories in this country, and there is no longer occasion for a pilgrimage to the East in search of a musical education. Not only can our schools offer the services of able and famous instructors, equal to the best even among European conservatories, but every dictate of wise economy encourages the Western student who seeks instruction in this city. The cost of a trip to the seaboard and return would pay for one term of instruction in any important Chicago conservatory offering advantages quite equal to those promised in any other American city, and the incidental expenses here are much smaller than those essential to a sojourn either in New York or Boston.

"Personal comparisons might be odious, but any who feel an interest in this matter may learn from the official announcements of the various institutions, East and West, that several of the Chicago schools employ as members of the faculty an unexampled number of distinguished artists.

"In addition to this, the musical atmosphere of Chicago can no longer be questioned. The influence of the Chicago Orchestra and of the choral and chamber music societies is so great, and our advantages as an operatic centre are so conspicuous, that there can no longer be any doubt in regard to a sympathetic atmosphere in which the study of music may be prosecuted.

"Western students to whom expense is a matter of consequence, and those who have no desire to go far afield when equal advantages may be obtained near their place of residence, would do well to investigate these matters thoroughly before deciding a question of so much importance. There is no special distinction in a term at any of the excellent Eastern institutions. Chicago has become a metropolis full of distinguishing social and business activities. All the incidental benefits and pleasures of metropolitan life are afforded here. Our theatres are equal to the best. Every celebrated artist may be seen and heard here. Our parks and boulevards, the finest in America, and our great lake, with its splendid excursion steamers, offer unexampled inducements for recreation, while, as every railroad in the land leads to Chicago, each hamlet in the great West is brought within convenient access to these advantages. Western students would do well to consider these facts."

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will, it is hoped, be well to the fore this season in concert work. An accident to his arm has prevented Chicagoans from hearing this artist for the past eighteen months. In fact since his appearance with the Chicago Orchestra in February, 1895, he has been unable to follow his art practically, but has a class of seventy-five pupils at the Chicago Musical College, being after Dr. Ziegfeld the head of the piano department.

Under the auspices of the Chicago Amusement Bureau he will again make a welcome reappearance, as he is not only an artist of exceptionally brilliant powers but also one of the most popular performers in this section of the country.

John L. Hughes, who introduced the boy choir at St. James' Episcopal Church (the mother church of this city), died last night of heart failure. During the heated term two weeks ago he suffered from prostration, but it was thought he was progressing favorably. He was ex-choir master of St. James', St. Mark's and Trinity churches, and also one of the best tenor soloists in the city. English by birth he came to this country fifteen years ago and had a most successful career, and one of considerable promise, which, unfortunately, the grim destroyer has prematurely terminated.

Miss Frank C. Perce, of Chicago, is spending her vacation quietly at Ocean Star Cottage, Narragansett Pier.

Miss Perce is endowed with a very pure and sweet soprano voice of great compass and flexibility, inclining to the dramatic rather than lyric school.

She intends to supplement her stay at the seaside with a short ocean voyage, and will return to Chicago and resume her studies in the fall.

Mrs. Hess-Burr's summer course has been most successful, which encourages her to continue in the work she has undertaken. Several singers from Western and Northern cities have been here studying with much gratification to themselves. Among others may be mentioned Mrs. Geo. Lee Cunningham, from St. Louis; Miss Brainiff, from Canada; Miss Getner, from Lincoln; Mrs. Callahan, Louisville; Miss Coggar, Minneapolis, and Mrs. McLeran, Omaha. Mrs. Burr is decidedly one of the most popular and successful artists in Chicago.

Everybody is busy at the Chicago Musical College; the reception hall is constantly crowded with prospective students and old pupils, who are there to arrange time for the coming year. Since Dr. Ziegfeld's return from Europe he has registered several hundred pupils, and hundreds more are awaiting their turn. Despite the cry of "hard times" the coming season promises to be a most prosperous one at this famous institution.

The college has lately issued the most complete and comprehensive prospectus yet published. It is absolutely perfect in regard to detail and design.

The progress of music out West—say, Nebraskaward—is not rapid. At a leading conservatory a teacher for violin is required. He must be an able instructor for violin, a perfect voice producer, able and willing to be violin soloist whenever called upon, must also teach vocal music, and at the same time be a thoroughly experienced piano tuner.

The Chicago Festival Orchestra is to play at Rochester, N. Y., October 7 and 8. Mr. Ulrich is now away booking dates for this organization in cities west of Chicago to Denver. Already good business has been secured for the coming season, and the orchestra starts on its career with every indication of success.

Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson will be much heard from in the future months. I know she has an immense number of engagements for oratorio work, and is fast becoming recognized as one of our few really fine artists.

Mr. J. H. Kowalski is on a visit to Mr. George Sweet in New York, but expects to return to his legion of pupils September 1.

Miss Anna Millar made some very important engagements with leading artists lately, of which Chicago will have the benefit. The clever and versatile manager of the Chicago Orchestra seems determined to eclipse even her

past season's brilliant work, for I hear the ticket sale far surpasses all previous records.

In announcing Miss Pearl McGill's engagement as a member of the Gottschalk Lyric School faculty, it is generally stated that she was a pupil of Barth, of Berlin. While this is perfectly true, she having studied with that master two years, still the principal part of her musical training was received from Dr. Ziegfeld, as Miss McGill was his pupil for several years before going to Europe. Upon her return to Chicago she again pursued her studies with the president of the Chicago Musical College, obtaining a diamond medal in the artists' class this year. Miss McGill has been some time past acting as Dr. Ziegfeld's assistant.

Speaking of Dr. Ziegfeld reminds me that he lately received a charming letter from Joe Jefferson donating a diamond medal for the best student in the dramatic department. It is such a rarity for the veteran actor to write personally that a copy may prove interesting:

JUNE 30, 1896.

F. Ziegfeld, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—I shall be most happy to donate a medal as a prize for dramatic excellence in your college. While I am of the opinion that acting can only be perfected by practical stage experience, a sound, preliminary course of training will undoubtedly benefit the student.

Wishing your college full meed of success, I am,
Faithfully yours, J. JEFFERSON.

The *Chicago Times-Herald* last Sunday gave a hearty endorsement of THE MUSICAL COURIER's crusade against the exorbitant prices paid to artists. In referring to the work done Mr. Lyman B. Glover says:

THE MUSICAL COURIER is doing good service in exposing the iniquitous extortion of opera singers in their dealings with American managers.

This iniquity has been the subject of numerous articles in these columns during the past half dozen years, and in other quarters protests have been inspired by a discrimination against the United States that always doubles and frequently trebles the price of grand opera in this country.

Thus far all of these writings have not accomplished any positive result beyond stirring up a certain passive indignation in the public mind.

This is always the first step toward any reform, but is of no practical value unless followed by others. The next step is to so express the displeasure of opera goers that those artists who insist upon extravagant terms shall be driven to moderation as a means of self-protection.

We could struggle along for a season or two destitute of grand opera without falling into a national decline or retrograding in musical art. Now that Mr. Grau is manager of the grand opera interests in London, and therefore master of the situation on both sides of the Atlantic, he is, or will be, in a position to refuse the extravagant demands of artists wishing an engagement in America. He can say to them: "Your services are not worth twice as much in the United States as in London, and I will no longer feed your avarice at the expense of ticket purchasers in the States."

If he should stand firmly upon this proposition, indorsed by the Metropolitan Opera directorate in New York and the Auditorium Association in Chicago, something would come of it. This outrageous discrimination now practiced would come to an end and opera tickets would cost one-third less than they do at the present time in this country.

But the evil is not confined to the realms of opera. The many musical bodies, choral societies and concert managements are equally blameworthy. They give immense sums to the so-called "star" and a merely nominal fee to the local artist, or as frequently happens the latter appears for "expenses" and the "glory" of being mentioned with such distinguished company. I am speaking, of course, of Chicago in particular. Probably artists in other cities are like sufferers.

Apropos of this, an idea is prevalent among musicians that the policy of the newly formed Western Choral Union is precisely that which THE MUSICAL COURIER is so strenuously fighting with other organizations, namely, the employment of foreign to the exclusion of American artists. The matter has been mentioned to me several times during the past week, and now, when singers are making arrangements for the next season, the question naturally arises as to what the Western Choral Union will do. However, there seems to be no means of ascertaining, us, when I spoke on the subject to Mr. Fred Wessels, secretary and treasurer



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of this new society, late secretary of the Apollo Club, now treasurer of the Chicago Orchestra, he referred me to the printed circular. This circular states that one of the principal objects of the union is the production of new works, oratorios, &c., and also the engagement of the finest artists. It is explained to me that from now on to the beginning of January principally local and American artists will be engaged for the lowest possible sum. From that time on to the end of the season, when the European artists are here, the local will not get much hearing. As I understand the situation the cast at all the concerts in the cities belonging to the Western Choral Union will be identical—that is to say, the singers who appear, for example, in Elijah at Chicago, will also sing in that oratorio at St. Louis, Louisville and so on, making, as it were, a circuit of the different cities, but on the lowest possible paying basis, or, as an artist put it to me very tersely, "so much for the lot."

If, as is inferred, the sole object of the Western Choral Union is the cause of musical art and artists, and is not a huge money making scheme, it behooves the committee to look well after the home artists and their interests. Here is a splendid chance for the American musician and a still better chance for the Western Choral Union to welcome it. Nous verrons!

FLORENCE FRENCH.

Boston Music Notes.

AUGUST 22, 1896.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Adams will return from West Harwich on September 21, and Mr. Adams will resume teaching on the 22d. Miss Wood, Mrs. Mary How and Mr. C. H. Bennett are guests at Mr. Adams' country house, Pinecroft.

Mr. S. Kronberg recently received from the city of Boston an engrossed parchment thanking him for his singing for them in Faneuil Hall July 4, 1896, on the 120th anniversary of Independence Day. It is beautifully gotten up, signed with the names of the mayor and council, is tied with blue ribbon and inclosed in a box. Mr. Kronberg made a great success upon the occasion with the song *C, God! Preserver of the Nations.*

Miss Edith Castle has returned from the West, and will be at 220 West Newton street for the winter.

Miss Helen Ormsbee has been engaged for the season with Hoyt's A Trip to Chinatown. The company opened at Portland Me., August 20.

Mr. Clayton Johns will pass the month of September on the bicycle in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt will not return from the Tyrol, Switzerland, until the first of November.

Mr. G. W. Marston, the Portland composer, is visiting Mr. E. A. MacDowell at Peterboro, N. H. Mr. Templeton Strong is also at Peterboro.

Mr. F. W. Wodell is camping with a party near Hamilton, Ont.

Messrs. E. W. Hale and Frank Morse, two teachers who left the New England Conservatory of Music during the recent troubles, are to open a studio in Newton. Mr. Morse will also have a studio in the Steinert Building.

BAR HARBOR, Me., August 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Truxton Beale and another lady, while on their way to the Village Improvement Concert, where Mr. Damrosch was to play this morning, were thrown from their carriage by a pair of runaway horses colliding with three grocery teams in front of Bulger Brothers' store. The occupants of the carriage were hurled beneath their upturned vehicle, and one of the grocery horses narrowly escaped trampling upon them. All were extricated unharmed except the driver, who was badly cut.

Miss Flora Finlayson, the well-known opera singer, died Monday night, August 17, in her apartments at a private hotel in San Francisco. Heart failure is supposed to have been the cause. She had been ailing several days, but her illness was not considered serious. As a contralto singer she had gained celebrity while a member of Lillian Russell's company, and also with the Bostonians. She

had recently been engaged to appear at the Tivoli during the grand opera season, and was to have made her appearance Tuesday night.

Here are the soloists who have appeared in the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since its founding in 1881, compiled by Mr. F. R. Comee. The figures indicate the number of appearances of each artist, Mr. Franz Kneisel heading the list with a total of fifteen, closely followed by Mr. Loefler and Mr. Baermann with thirteen each. Mr. T. Adamowski appeared ten times, and Miss Gertrude Franklin nine times. Eight concerts each are credited to Miss Emma Juch, Mrs. Georg Henschel and Miss Mary How. Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Fritz Giese each had seven appearances, and Mme. Fursch-Madi, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Theodore Toedt, Mr. Georg Henschel, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. Otto Roth and Mr. Alvin Schroeder each appeared five times. Annie Louise Cary was the soloist at the first concert.

SOPRANO.

Allen, Mrs. E. Humphrey, 8.
Baldwin, Miss Louise.
Beebe, Miss Henrietta.
Blauvelt, Miss Lillian.
Boema, Mme. Gabriella.
Clarke, Miss Caroline Gardner.
Eames, Mme. Emma, 2.
Eaton, Mrs. Elenie B.
Franklin, Miss Gertrude, 9.
Fursch-Madi, Mme., 5.
Hall, Miss Marguerite, 2.
Henschel, Mrs. Georg, 8.
Henson, Miss Medora.
Hunt, Miss Clara.
Jahn, Miss Marie.
Jahns, Mme. Steinbach.
Juch, Miss Emma, 8.
Kuschoska, Miss Felicia.
Kelllogg, Miss Fanny.

ALTO.

Cary, Miss Annie Louise.
Drasil, Miss Anna.
Edmonds, Miss Gertrude, 3.
Glenn, Miss Hope.
How, Miss Mary H., 8.
Huntington, Miss Agnes.
Joschim, Mme. Amalie.
Leimer, Miss Louise, 2.
Little, Miss Lena.

TENOR.

Adams, Mr. Charles R., 4.
Davies, Mr. Ben.
Dippel, Mr. Andreas.
Heinrich, Mr. Wilhelm.
Jordan, Mr. Jules.
Kalisch, Mr. Paul, 2.

Babcock, Mr. D. M., 2.
Benzing, Mr. Jacob.
Cirillo, Mr. V., 2.
Fischer, Mr. Emil, 4.
Harlow, Mr. A. F.
Hay, Mr. C. E., 3.
Heinrich, Mr. Max, 5.
Henschel, Mr. Georg, 5.

d'Albert, Mr. Eugen.
Aus der Ohe, Miss Adele, 4.
Baermann, Mr. Carl, 13.
Beach, Mrs. H. H. A., 5.
Bendix, Mr. Otto.
Burmeister, Mr. Richard.
Busoni, Mr. Ferruccio B., 3.
Clark, Mrs. Anna Steiniger, 2.
Carreño, Teresa.
Castellano, Miss Eugenia.
Faetlen, Mr. Carl, 4.
Foster, Mr. Arthur.
Friedheim, Mr. Arthur.
Garlichs, Miss Mary E.
Grunfeld, Mr. Alfred.
Heimlicher, Miss Marie.
Henschel, Mr. Georg.
Hollins, Mr. Alfred.
Hopekirk, Mme. Helen, 2.
Huss, Mr. Henry Holden, 2.
Joseffy, Mr. Rafael, 4.
King, Mme. Julia Rivé, 2.
Lang, Mr. B. J., 5.
Lent, Mrs. Ernest.

BASS.

Hubbard, Mr. Eliot, 2.
Larson, Mr. Gardner S.
Libby, Mr. J. A.
Martin, Mr. Carl E.
Meyn, Mr. Heinrich, 4.
Reichmann, Mr. Theodor.
Remmert, Mr. Franz.
Sargent, Mr. Sullivan A.

PIANO.

Maas, Mr. Louis, 2.
MacDowell, Mr. E. A., 3.
Magrath, Mr. George.
Margulies, Miss Adele, 3.
Nowell, Mr. George, 2.
Obrión, Miss Mary E., 3.
De Pachmann, Mr. Vladimir.
Paderewski, Mr. Ignace J., 2.
Paur, Mrs. Emil.
Perabo, Mr. Ernst.
Preston, Mr. John A.
Radecki, Miss Olga von, 3.
Scharwenka, Mr. Xaver.
Schiller, Mme. Madeline, 3.
Sherwood, Mr. William H., 3.
Sieveking, Mr. Martinus.
Stasny, Mr. Carl.
Sumner, Mr. George W.
Szumowska, Miss Antoinette, 2.
Tucker, Mr. H. G., 3.
Utassi, Miss Etelka.
Whiting, Mr. Arthur.
Zeisler, Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield, 4.

VIOLIN.

Adamowski, Mr. T., 10.
Brodsky, Mr. Adolph.
Campanari, Mr. Leandro, 2.
De Seve, Mr. Alfred, 2.
Kneisel, Mr. Franz, 15.
Lichtenberg, Mr. Leopold.
Liebe, Mme. Therese.
Listemann, Mr. Bernhard, 4.
Loeffler, Mr. C. M., 13.
Mahr, Mr. Emil.
Marteau, Mr. Henri.

VIOLONCELLO.

Bayhoffer, Mr. Carl.
Giese, Mr. Fritz, 7.
Hekking, Mr. Anton, 2.
Liebe, Mr. Theodore.

FLUTE.

Heindl, Mr. E. M., 2.

OBOE.

Sautet, Mr. A.

CLARINET.

Strasser, Mr. E.

HORN.

Reiter, Mr. Xaver.

HARP.

Freygang, Mr. A.

READERS.

Riddle, Mr. George, 3.

TIFFNOR.

Ticknor, Mr. Howard Malcolm, 2.

Ben Franklin Sonnekalb.—Mr. Sonnekalb, the pianist, has been in Saratoga, Narragansett Pier and Newport. He tells us that he has been engaged for the Camilla Ursu Concert Company, which is to start a general tour on or about October 1.

Sherwood at Chautauqua.—W. H. Sherwood, the eminent piano artist, played the G minor Saint-Saëns concerto at Chautauqua on the 17th, and created great enthusiasm in an audience peculiarly musical in its elements. There were Mrs. T. E. Gillespie, soprano; Madame Decca, J. Harry Fellows, Homer Moore, Mrs. J. Otis Huff, Mr. Flagler, the organist; Mr. L. S. Season, the chorus master; Mr. John Behr, Dr. H. R. Palmer.

At a previous concert Mr. Sherwood played Raff's Spinning Girl and Dupont's Toccata de Concert.

The *Assembly Herald* of August 18 says:

The last of the Sherwood-Listemann recitals was given at Sherwood Hall at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was in every respect as fine a chamber concert as can be heard in any of our cities. The room, in honor of the occasion, was decorated with foliage by Mr. Sherwood's pupils. The most interesting number on the program was the sonata for piano and violin by César Franck, an exceedingly beautiful and delightful work, splendidly played. Mr. Sherwood then played selections from Chopin, Schubert-Liszt, Rubinstein and Liszt, the most attractive being the Schubert-Liszt Soirée de Vienne. Mr. Listemann played two of his brother's compositions, the second, a Saltarello, being a very charming composition. He also played Wagner's Dreams. The recital concluded one of the best series of recitals we have ever had at Chautauqua.

Under New Management.—The Maning College of Music, Oratory and Languages, Minneapolis, Minn., will open its next year under entirely new management, with new faculty (with a few exceptions), and a very large number of pupils already enrolled.

Mrs. Louise Jewels Maning is still the president, and she has the assistance of a live, energetic, all round business manager, Mrs. E. G. Hinebaugh. W. M. Cross, formerly of the Northwestern Conservatory of Music, in Minneapolis, stands at the head of the piano school as adviser and instructor; Prof. Gustavus Johnson is also one of the new faculty in the piano department; Claude Madden has charge of the violin school, and Fritz Schlaetter of the cello. H. S. Woodruff has charge of the organ school and church singing. The new faculty is a strong one and is popular in the community. A new feature introduced this year is the organization of children's classes, under the charge of Miss Vienna Neale, one of the piano teachers, who will have entire control of this department. Under the new conditions, which are most complete in every detail, the Maning College, of Minneapolis, will be one of the foremost art schools of the country.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,
Union Square, West,
New York City.

Music correspondents of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* will please make application for the renewal of their credentials by September 15.

HERE will be many artists over here next season to tempt the American musical palate and the American pocketbook. All the old opera staggers are coming back, reinforced this time by Emma Eames. The great Rosenthal is coming; our own Josef will return from his visit abroad; Aus der Ohe will again cross the briny, and, best news to many, Carreño is to be here. Gregorowitsch, the violinist, is to be here, too, and the genial David Bispham. Judging from a number of pending negotiations, others of equal prominence are awaiting the result of the coming election before deciding; or are the negotiators on this side awaiting?

THE SALARY QUESTION.

THE MUSICAL COURIER agitation on the subject of the inordinate salaries paid to foreign artists and the resulting banishment of nearly all American artists because of the collateral effect of this imposition is already bearing excellent fruit. The New York *Sun* in one of its casual paragraphs on the opera publishes the following:

The fact that Mme. Nordica is not to return to the Metropolitan Opera House next season is a matter which none of those interested in the affairs of the company seems able to explain. When Mr. Grau returned here ten days ago he told the *Sun* reporter that it was practically certain that Mme. Nordica would be one of the company, although the final arrangements had not been made. Then he announced the lists of casts, which included Mme. Nordica's name in a number of the important rôles. He explained that the question as to whether or not she would return to the Metropolitan next year would be settled while he was in this country. Mme. Nordica is with her husband in Paris. On the day he returned to London Mr. Grau announced that Mme. Nordica would not be a member of the company next season, and now those interested in the plans of the company are wondering why. She is a creditor of the old firm to the extent of several thousand dollars, and so are Mme. Melba and one or two more of the artists who are to return here. Last fall Mme. Nordica was the last of the artists engaged, and it was not until another prima donna was secured to bring her to terms that the American singer consented to come over for the figure at which her managers valued her services. Maybe the present delay has been caused by the same hesitation on her part. Evidently she has already adopted the foreign habit of singing abroad for considerably less money than she receives here, as she is already under engagement to Mr. Grau for the season at Covent Garden next spring. Sir Augustus Harris made her an offer to appear there during his last season, but it was at the rate of \$250 a night, which is less than a third of what she receives at the Metropolitan.

Nordica, the two de Reszkes and Plançon and Melba—in fact all of these singers—get less than one-third at Covent Garden of the sum they receive here in America. No one can even tell us why this is so; but so it is. But there is no reason why Nordica should sing for any less than is paid to an Australian like Melba, a German like Lehmann, a Pole like de Reszke, or a Frenchman like Plançon—we mean, of course, relatively less. They receive over three times more here than they receive in England, and over four times more than they receive on the Continent, and because Nordica and Eames are Americans the same percentage must not be applied. That is the law of the cabal; that is the rule of the combination of foreign singers who are "running" Italian and French opera in this country.

Anything and everything to discourage the native American singer. Keep him and her off the Covent Garden stage; from the Grand Opera at Paris—unless they pay to be heard—and keep them off the boards at home. That's right; keep them off. They deserve it; they haven't the pluck to assert themselves. If they had, not one of them would be seen, either alone or with friends, inside of a building conducted by a set of foreign singers whose main efforts consist in getting as much money as quickly as possible out of America and at the same time creating and cultivating the already powerful sentiment that American men and women are not endowed by our peculiar climate and education for the operatic stage; that they lack the necessary temperament. What does

a true artist, although he is an American (and it looks very much as if he must soon be obliged to apologize for that fact), what does Wm. H. Sherwood write to us on this subject: "I am very glad to see the attitude of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* in regard to the salaries paid and réclame made for foreign artists. I think American musicians, both vocal and instrumental, suffer very unjustly from this state of affairs."

Yes, they do; but the instrumental artists are not an organized, homogeneous aggregation like the artists at the Opera House. A solo violinist, a solo pianist, comes here alone. A tenor, however, has a brother with him who is a basso; that constitutes two, which is already a nucleus for intrigue. A couple of foreign sopranos are taken into the combination, followed up by the contralti and the baritones and the conductors, also from Europe, all non-resident, non-taxpaying, non-contributive elements, whose large income at the opera is amplified by concert, church and oratorio engagements here, resulting in a complete boycott of the American singer.

Therein lies the great moral injury our artists sustain; the practical discouragement facing them in any or all attempts to forge ahead here on their own merits. These foreign opera singers with the large opera salaries guaranteed can underbid any American woman or man who is prepared to sing *The Messiah*, *The Elijah*, *The Creation*, *The Damnation of Faust*, *The Verdi Requiem*, or whatever may be required. Why be ambitious as an American? The foreigner who has a fixed prejudice against you in his own home has succeeded in boycotting you in your own home, and there is no place left for you to sing except at third or fourth rate events, or at church fairs or Sunday school festivals. What chance did an American girl have last season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra when Melba had a permanent engagement for all outside concerts, including even New York, although we had heard her here to a sufficiency? How could any American manager ever get even his most gifted artist into such high-grade concerts? He could not.

Mr. Damrosch engages a whole lot of German singers for his opera, and, as demonstrated in the Grünberg case, pays them most extravagant salaries, more in a season than they get in Germany, their own soil, in five years. Mr. Damrosch gives concerts. What does he do besides? Why, he gives his concert engagements to the singers of his opera company.

Where are the American singers? Where, oh where, cries echo. There is no opportunity. The annual flood of foreign singers simply overwhelms the poor, deluded American singers, who are driven up on the high bluffs where no one can hear them. In the valley of music the foreign inundation has drowned them.

How much longer is this chauvinistic injustice to continue? How much longer is the American musician and composer going to tolerate this discrimination. American composer! Who is there among these Italian, German, French, Polish, English singers who will ever sing in public in an important concert one song, only one song, by MacDowell, by Chadwick, by Nevin, by Paine, by Klein, by Beach (as good musically, if not better, than Chaminade), by Vogrich, by Huss, by Strong, by Bartlett, by Parker or by any other American composer? Not one of them will do it; they do not admit that Americans can compose; in fact they deny it on the same ground of climate and temperament.

That is the situation, Mr. Sherwood and others. You have it just as plainly before you as you require it to take practical action in the premises. You are virtually ostracized from your own field of artistic usefulness by a system of boycott which is more effective than any boycott ever undertaken in the field of industry; more effective because it is conducted under organized auspices and because it is insidious in its operation and therefore does not procure for its victims that general sympathy under which the ordinary boycott melts and vanishes.

Remember that the root of the evil is the system of high prices paid to the foreign artist who makes of a tour to America purely a business operation and nothing else. If you can break down this infamous system of high salaries you can begin to correct the evil. The first step should be organization. Unless something is done by the American musician, American singer and American composer, nothing will prevent the complete and permanent eclipse of these professions here in America.

BAYREUTH

Twenty Years After.

BAYREUTH, 1876.

BAYREUTH, 1896.

IT does not need a practiced eye to discern in the very full reports published in THE MUSICAL COURIER of the 1896 performances at Bayreuth a certain undertone of complaint, even of reproach. And we are confronted with the question—an all-important one:

Is Bayreuth exhibiting signs of decadence?

In 1876 the master inaugurated in the Festival Theatre the performance of those extraordinary works which were destined to conquer the world of music. A new art, or rather a great German dramatic art, he gave to his nation. His speech at the close of the first festival was significant.

"You have seen," he said, "what we are capable of doing; it now depends upon your will. If you will, you have now a German national art!"

How have his desires and ambitions been carried out?

His motto was "to be a German means to do a thing for its own sake; everything that is done and taught on the principle of the noble and the beautiful not being created in this world for the sake of the profit alone—or even for that of fame and glory—is German."

These are Wagner's own words.

Have they been lived up to by his heirs?

Let us indulge in the retrospective.

In 1876, after almost a lifetime of incredible labors and in the teeth of the most malignant opposition and misrepresentation, Richard Wagner, then a man of sixty-three, saw his most darling dreams take shape and substance and the aristocracy of the culture of the day witnessed that astounding Tetralogy—four massive epics welded into an imperishable whole, the Ring of the Nibelungs.

Wagner personally directed the vast enterprise of which Hans Richter was the musical conductor. Such singing artists as Amalie Friederich-Materna, Johanna Jachmann-Wagner, Lilli Lehmann, Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann, Franz Betz, Eugen Gura, Heinrich Vogl, Albert Niemann, Gustav Siehr, Carl Schlosser, Carl Hill and the lamented Georg Unger—a great Siegfried, worked body and soul in order that the artistic results should be commensurate. August Wilhelmj led the violins, and men like Anton Seidl, Franz Fischer, Joseph Rubinstein, Felix Mottl were the solo repetitors. It was a gigantic undertaking to bring such a body of singers together to give Germany a new musical-dramatic art. That it was a noble success is now a matter of history.

Yet all the magnificent furore with which the undertaking was launched did not keep the Wagner theatre open. Its doors were closed until July 26, 1882, and it seemed for a time that the Parisian journalist Albert Wolff's words were to be fulfilled:

"The enterprise of Bayreuth is doomed to death, for these works are detestable in the extreme and incapable of being performed."

Or were these prophetic sentences Hanslick's? It doesn't matter, for the interregnum gave us Parsifal and its spiritual harmonies. A new wave of Wagnerism swept Germany, and this time met with little opposition. The Ring had been heard throughout the land, and the nobility and originality of Wagner's music dramas silenced his most bitter adversaries. The last representation of Parsifal in 1882 took place August 29, and was attended by the Crown Prince Frederick. Wagner conducted the third act, and his death occurred five and a half months later, after his life work had been fulfilled and rounded out.

The terrible loss to German and universal art kept the Wagner theatre darkened until 1886, when Tristan and Isolde was produced in a superb manner. Rosa Sucher, then an ideal Isolde; Staudigl as Brangene and Plank as Kurwenal participated. This re-

vival unhappily chronicled the death of the genial master and friend of Wagner, Franz Liszt, who passed away July 31, after witnessing the masterpiece of masterpieces.

In 1888 The Meistersinger was given in almost a perfect manner at Bayreuth. The staging was beautiful and the Beckmesser of Friederichs (an honored guest this year in Bayreuth) and the Hans Sachs of Plank were especially praiseworthy. From 1889 preparations were made for Tannhäuser, which was produced in 1891. There were five repetitions in 1889 of Die Meistersinger, and nine of Parsifal and four of Tristan and Isolde. Then came after Tannhäuser in 1891 the equally successful Lohengrin in 1894, with Nordica as Elsa. In 1892 Parsifal was given eight times, Tristan, four and the Meistersinger and Tannhäuser four times. In 1892 Siegfried Wagner came into view as a factor in the management, and the Bayreuth training school under the direction of Julius Kniese also began its existence. Both Kniese and Anton Fuchs, the latter the celebrated stage manager, are two very valuable men in the Bayreuth representations.

During the past twelve years such singers as Winkelmann, Gudehus, Vogl, Jäger, Reichmann, Siehr, Gura, Plank, Gellmeister, Wiegand, Perron, Scheidemantel, Betz, Brauweart, Materna, Brandt, Malten, Lehmann-Kalisch, Sucher, Nordica, Friederichs, Brema and Van Dyk have appeared.

It seems to us that the good work has so far been worthily carried on. Yet there are grounds for the complaints, and grumbling has been indulged in in a quarter least expected. The old Wagnerian party, headed by the shock-headed Berlin critic Wilhelm Tappert, has openly waged war against Frau Cosima Wagner and her son, Siegfried. Whether this is done because of some fancied complaint is difficult to say. Such opposition, however, is an undeniable fact, and almost the entire press of Berlin, with the exception of the *Boersen Courier*, edited by Mr. George Davidsohn, is colored by this party spirit.

For Wagnerites to be pitted against Wagnerites is no unusual spectacle. Indeed, some of the so-called adherents of the master are to blame for much of the recrimination and lamentable abuse indulged in by the press in the old Wagner controversy. It is just possible that the late Richard Wagner left to Herr Wilhelm Tappert, of the Berlin *Kleine Journal*, exact instructions as to how the Bayreuth Festspielhaus was to be run after his death.

If Wagner did this, most certainly his widow knows nothing of it. Being a high spirited and unusually intellectual woman, she has preferred to manage affairs after her own fashion, or rather in what she conceived to be the spirit of her husband. This the old Wagnerian party do not like, hence the ire and the savagery of the criticism leveled at Frau Cosima's head.

Of course it cannot be denied that there are many weak spots in the Bayreuth armor. Frau Wagner seems to lean too much to the notion that Bayreuth is a school wherein may be exhibited the promise, not the potency or fulfillment, of certain beginners. The world rightfully expects of the performances at Bayreuth almost perfection. Its stage should be no stamping ground for the ambitious amateur. Rather must it be considered the ultimate goal of the finished artist. Americans in particular do not travel thousands of miles to witness the work of the raw student graduate of Herr Kniese's academy.

As to the financial aspect of the matter. The management claims that there will be a deficit this season, because of the enormous outlay for new scenery and costumes, and also because of the payment of certain outstanding claims against the Wagner estate. Be this as it may, and we cannot dispute the statement, although we accept it with a grain of salt, there can be no earthly reason why next year's festival should not be on a higher plane. Our critical reports show conclusively that 1896 has been artistic ebb tide for Bayreuth. That condition cannot be maintained without imminent peril. We are willing to accept Frau Cosima's assurance that Bayreuth has not been converted into a financial circus. We hope the future will give decisive lie to the rumor. But we confess to a feeling of apprehension simply on the score of this season's results. There were few great singers. Both Lehmann and Sucher are naturally on the decline, the tenors were average, and while new blood is imperative, yet it need not be too new, or to put it mildly—inexperienced blood.

The only other stumbling block is the nonsensical talk indulged in about the traditions of 1876. This

is 1896, and the world is still moving. Richard Wagner, if he were living, would be the first to recognize that other days, other ways. Herein consists the glaring stupidity of the older Wagnerian party.

Wagnerism, too, has its ruts of conventionalism and it will be an unlucky day when the letter and not the spirit of its marvelous law is blindly adhered to.

On the whole the musical history of Bayreuth for the past twenty years is a reassuring one, despite mistakes and misfortunes. If the young Siegfried Wagner pursues with the same reverent spirit the work so successfully prosecuted by his mother we need not fear that the great legacy of art bequeathed us by the master music dramatist will fall on evil days.

Let us at least hope for the best.

THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL COURIER.

THE GONCOURTS AND MUSIC.

UNDER the heading of The Goncourts and Music M. Henry Céard remarks that in the *Journal des Goncourt* there is no mention made of the great musical events which convulsed artistic Paris. The brothers Goncourt in their quest for *les documents humains* immortalize the Cirque d'Été, but have nothing to say of the first performance of Tannhäuser, nothing about the first performance of Les Troyens, nothing about the first performance of Carmen. Wagner, Berlioz and Bizet neither roused their curiosity nor stimulated their literary genius. Jules, who died years ago, seems to have had a kind of intuition what music might be, but after his death Edmond, who died the other day, makes no mention of music. The truth seems to be that Jules was the man of thought and sentiment, while Edmond was the artist who elaborated the form. In the preface to his *Théâtre* Edmond does allude to Wagner, and makes a strange mistake. He advises us not to imitate his tetralogies. The plural tetralogies is rather disconcerting. Yet we need not suppose that like Théophile Gautier they regarded music as the most tiresome and most expensive of noises. In spite of themselves music had a decided influence on these lovers of rhythmic phrases and euphonious sonority of words. They could avoid music in its public performances, yet they could not refuse to take into account its physiological importance and its dynamic influence on humanity.

Yet three of their books, *Une Voiture de Masques*, of their early days; *Idées et Sensations*, of their prime, and *Mme. Gervaisais*, of their maturity, contain episodes in which music is concerned. They had scarcely begun to write when in the second chapter of their book they introduce a musician. The organist of Langres complains of his bishop, who is thinking of placing in the church an *orgue expressif*. In the Madeleine organ by Cavaillé-Coll we may say that the fourth manual, *clavier expressif*, has eight stops, the pipes ranging from eight to two feet, and corresponds to the "echo" or "swell" of English musicians.

The Goncourts thus describe the organist's lamentations: "A swell organ, my lord; to the devil with your swells! Händel, do you hear? Worldly art in the sanctuary, earthly expression of passion, the sentimentality of the theatre. Oh, oh, my lord, this is fine and canonical! Do you hear, Maestro Palestina! What would the ancients say, Landrino Milleville, John Bull? Old friends whom I consult for my mass every night, Frescobaldi, Lebègue, Nivers, and thee, my old friend Bach! The murderers of the eighteenth century, the Calvières, the Daquins, the Balbâtres, the heretics and Pompadours who wanted music for their roccoco chapels! The vox humana in the organ, why it is the vox celestis! The vox humana ought to speak without inflection, without modulation, without caressing. My lord, would you make God a tenor? If you allow the organ to augment or diminish the intensity of its sound you make it abdicate its mission in the human order of musical conceptions. And what do I ask you? To leave me my metal pipes, to wed the organ to the plain song! That is the task to be done. That is beautiful. Blast your swell organs! Gravity, immobility, universality, perpetuity; these are what concern an ecclesiastical institution! The thousand voices of the air in a thousand pipes, from the 32 foot bourdon to the thread of sound losing itself in acute notes, the bombard pedals that roll like thunder, the various manuals, the prodigious variety of stops! Is it my fault if you had abandoned the tremulant of the Gemshorn, and for the first Sunday in May the

'chant des oiseaux.' A sea of doubtful and prolonged harmony that holds the human soul in suspense and throws it into ecstasy—that is the organ!"

In their later book, *Idées et Sensations*, the Goncourts speak of the effect of music on the female sex. "What I love most in music is the women who listen to it. They are in state of divine fascination, of dreamy immobility, tickled for a moment by the passing of a shudder. Their faces assume expression and gradually glow with tender ecstasy. Their eyes droop languorously, are half closed, look askance or to the ceiling seeking for heaven; with half opened lips they seem to inspire a voluptuousness that flies away. Almost no woman looks music in the face. Most of them, head inclined to the shoulder, remain as if bending over something that whispers in their ears. Then, letting the shadow of their chin fall on the pearls of their neck, they seem to listen inwardly, *au fond d'elles*, from the bottom of their souls. At times the dolorous note of a violoncello rouses them from their rapturous insensibility, and the pallors, the diaphanous hues of a moment pass over the shuddering skin. Hanging over the sound, all vibrant and caressed, they seem to imbibe, with all their senses, the song and the emotion of the instruments. The caress of love—one might say that music is that to woman." In another place, these students of *documents humains* write: "It is music that raises woman above life, that gives her most disgust for what is rational and existing; perhaps it is the thing she ought never to learn, for it creates in her an aspiration for what is not."

The Goncourts seem to have studied human documents till their brains gave way and then to have evolved this stuff out of their inner consciousness. In another place they consider music as "a halt and a pause in vital activity," and they make their elegant heroines musicians. *Renée Mauperin* is not content with playing Chopin on the piano, "the thing he made for his interment"; she composes, and prides herself on having written the overture to the salon comedy of *Mme. Bourjot*.

In her turn *Mme. Gervaisais* feels music so profoundly that she experiences a voluptuous pain. At Rome the ceremonies of Holy Week disorganize her and then the Goncourts, with morbid enthusiasm, describe the terrors of the lamentations sobbed out by the choir of the Sixtine Chapel, and the tragic melody of the dramatized plainsong of the St. Matthew Passion when "in the night of the Very Light of the world the voice of Jesus pierces every heart with the thrill of the dying of a God."

But *Pierre Charles*, the son of *Mme. Gervaisais*, is the most musically person the Goncourts have created. In him the nervousness of his mother has been irritated till it is akin to genius. He has "the precocity of an infant prodigy, to feel, comprehend, retain, taste, appreciate all that he hears. Music became the passion, the pleasure, the interest, the expansion of his confined and incomplete life." And they paint him in a Roman piazza, listening to strolling singers, and beating time with a flower.

The Goncourts devoted themselves especially to cultivation of form. Sonorous words, sonorous phrases, bizarre collocations, weird epithets and the like were the materials they worked up. Jean Reibrach in the *Nouvelle Revue Internationale* has a paper on the verses in all kinds of rhythm which can be found in their writings, before the death of Jules de Goncourt. Jules had the feeling for poetry and music, Edmond was the artist, most painstaking and incomplete.

IMPORTANT SCHOLARSHIP.

OUR letter from Rome, Italy, announces officially that the great Santa Cecilia Society of that city, one of the most venerated and renowned musical institutions of the Continent, has decided to establish American scholarships.

The influence of THE MUSICAL COURIER, brought to bear through our gifted Roman correspondent, Theo. Tracy, has had a far reaching and gracious effect upon the impressionable and artistic musical minds of the ancient city of the Cæsars and the Popes, and the result is now found in an offer that must no doubt come as a surprise to our musical world.

The letter on the subject in this issue of the paper is full of interest, and it will stimulate every American musician in a desire to secure the details in the approaching letters from Rome to be published as rapidly as the events and the post can produce them. The scholarship will apparently come in the form of

a Grand Prix, and the first winner must necessarily become an object of deep interest to American musicians.

WE shall never have an orchestra in the city of New York to compete or to compare with the Boston Symphony Orchestra or the Theodore Thomas Orchestra so long as the conductors are selected by the orchestral body, as is the case with the Philharmonic Orchestra, and so long as the engagements of the individual players rest with a speculator. In all these conglomerations which are technically termed orchestras there is a speculator, one member who engages the players. Grau wants to give opera, or Mapleson does, or somebody wishes to give an orchestral concert. The conductor is selected, and he sends for the speculator member, who then calls in the number of players required. They get together at an appointed hour; have a hurried rehearsal, disperse, assemble again on the night of the performance, and then naturally and inevitably butcher Beethoven and everybody else down to Richard Wagner.

Oh, for some Higginson or some Chicago public spirit here in New York, so that we could organize an independent symphony orchestra with an independent director at the head of it who would not be obliged to curry favor from the chief players in order to maintain his tenure of office! It will all come, but it will take time.

Jean de Reszke's Answers.

LAST week we published the replies given by Calvé and Bernhardt to the questions put by Paris *Figaro* to those artists—questions many of which are self-evidently flippant and stupid. There are several, however, that call for replies, if replies at all are to be given.

These are the answers by Jean de Reszke's to the regular questions sent out to the artists:

QUESTIONS.

1. Where do you pass your vacation?
2. What is the reason of your preference?
3. Where do you live—in a hotel or a villa?
4. What do you do there?
5. What are your exercises?
6. Your amusements?
7. Your regimen?
8. Do you dress?
9. Do you avoid people or seek them?
10. Do you flirt there?
11. Do you think of the theatre?
12. Does absence from the stage give you a feeling of ennui?
13. Do you like to play in salons and at watering places?
14. Do you see comrades?
15. Do you read?
16. What?
17. Have you summed up your last winter? Do you find it good, better or worse?
18. In which of the rôles that you played last winter did you find the most pleasure?
19. In which of all the rôles that you have played?
20. Do you know what you will play next season?
21. What sort of rôles do you prefer? That is, what qualities and failings do you prefer to incarnate?
22. Who is your favorite musician?

ANSWERS.

1. In Poland. In the country with my sister.
2. All my fortune is in land, and I adore my country.
3. In the wing of the château of Borovno.
4. Dolce far niente.
5. Riding, hunting and tennis.
6. Training two-year-olds for the autumn races at Warsaw.
7. In the open air from morning until night.
8. A smoking jacket at night.
9. I never seek them—but I never avoid them.
10. *Tempi passati*. [Which means that he has decided that the time for that sort of thing has passed.]
11. Alas, all the time.
12. Yes and no.
13. For heaven's sake.
14. Never. I am too far away.
15. The newspapers every day.
16. The Warsaw papers and *Le Figaro* and *Le Jockey*.
17. Yes; the best possible.
18. In *Tristan*, in the third act.
19. There are a lot of them.
20. My répertoire and *Siegfried*.
21. Mystical—those in which good qualities and defects are all idealized.
22. It is impossible for me to say, as there are several that I admire and like equally, although in a different way.

It will be observed that de Reszke in answer 18 deems that act in which he supervenes, in which he is doing it all alone, is his favorite. That is merely an effusion of the spoiled child, for of all characters on the stage the successful tenor is the one with the least moral or intellectual responsibility and de Reszke is certainly an excellent representative of his type.

Although opportunities are given in these *Figaro* catechisms to make some intellectual demonstration (notice Sara's replies last week), Mr. de Reszke does not take advantage of them and fortifies us in the opinion that his vocal studies have precluded any possibility of mental culture on a broad plane. The answers read exactly like those of a local tenor at Ferrara or Palermo, and, by the way, he does not even read the *New York Herald*. Oh, well, he will read that paper as soon as the opera opens, when notices about him must appear.



THE LAST OF THE VALKYRIES.

PAUL GODDARD found the ride between Nuremberg and Bayreuth intensely discomforting. The hot July breezes that blew in the first-class coupé of the train were almost breath arresting, and Paul had left Stuttgart in the morning in a savage mood. The slowness of the railway service irritated him, the faces of his traveling companions irritated him, and he had shocked an angular Englishman by remarking early in the afternoon:

"If the damned old engine doesn't run any faster than this we had all better get out and walk, or—push."

The Englishman simply glared at the speaker and then resumed his prayer book or Wolzogen's *Leading Motives*.

Three Roumanian ladies laughed in oily Eastern accents. They understood English, and the sight of a human being, a strong young man, in a passion about such a little matter as German railroad punctuality struck them as ridiculous. So they laughed again in oily Eastern tones and Paul was relieved and finally joined in, for he was an American and had the American funny bone.

The Englishman looked annoyed, and Paul only laughed the louder. It was very rude, but he couldn't help it; besides it looked as if they would reach Bayreuth too late for the opening performance and the laughter was perhaps the laughter of despair.

* * *

The young pilgrim journeying to Bayreuth was born in New York. He had studied music like most young people in his country and began with that camel, that musical beast of all burdens, the piano. This he practiced at intervals most assiduously, because he really loved music; but then college, lawn tennis, dancing and boating had claims not to be easily put aside. Naturally the piano suffered until Paul left college; then for want of something better to do he took lessons from Joseffy and edified that master by his spurts of industry. His club began to encroach on his attention, and again the piano was forgotten. Paul, whose parents were rich, was not a society butterfly, but his training, instincts and associations forced him to regard a good dinner, a good tailor and fast horses as necessary to his existence. From his mother he inherited his love of music, and his father, dead many years, had bequeathed him a library, and better still a taste for reading.

An average American, intensely self-conscious, too self-conscious to show himself at his best, ashamed of his finer emotions, like most of his countrymen, and a trifle spoiled and shallow.

One day Edgar Saltus told Paul he should read Schopenhauer, and he at once ordered the two volumes of *The World as Will and Representation*. It was not difficult reading, because he had been in Professor Bowne's class at college and enjoyed the cracking of metaphysical nuts. He began to get side glimpses of Wagner's philosophy, but despite the wit of the German Diogenes his pessimism repelled him. He could not agree with Saltus' ingenious defense of pessimism in his two early books, and he looked about for diversion elsewhere. Walter Pater's silken chords, velvety verbal music had seduced Paul from the astringencies of Herbert Spencer, and Chopin made moonlight for his soul on dark nights.

Yet Paul, with his selfish, well bred, easy life, had encountered no soul racking convulsions; he had never been in love, and he therefore played the nocturnes of Chopin in a very unconvincing manner.

He always declared that Poe was bilious, and this remark gained for him the reputation of being both a wit and a scholar among his club associates.

The Manhattan Club is not given to velléités of speech.

Then Paul Goddard fell into the clutches of Richard Wagner and he haunted Seidl and Brighton

Beach until it was no longer necessary for him to show his pass to the conductors on the Brighton Beach Railroad.

A wonderful thing that in America—a privilege; yet Paul was not proud of it.

He swallowed Wagner by the yard, and Chopin seemed tiny, exotic and feminine compared to the sirocco blasts of the Bayreuth master. Paul was not very critical, and, like most Americans, he measured music by its immediate emotional result. The greater the assault upon the senses the greater the music. The logic was unescapable.

He took a box at the Metropolitan Opera House and could furnish his club friends with all the back-door gossip and greenroom scandal of the cream colored music factory on upper Broadway. Paul would have been a good newspaper man if he had been forced to work.

He loved gossip for gossip's sake, and when he succeeded in winning temporarily the affections of a third-rate soprano in the company he felt so overjoyed that he had to restrain himself from confessing his conquest to his mother.

Signora X. was amiable and told him all about the first tenor's flirtation with a chorus girl, and how brutal was the behavior of the French baritone. Paul really admired the woman because of her telephonic qualities. He could ring her up at any hour and feed his fill on musical small talk.

Friedrich Nietzsche was the next milestone in Paul's mental journeyings. The attack on Wagner, the attack on the morals that made our state stable, the savage irony, sparkling wit and brilliant onslaught on all the idols filled the mind of the young man with joy. He dearly loved a row, and although he recognized Nordau's borrowed polemical plumage, he liked the little literary cad because of his cockiness.

So he devoured Nietzsche, reckless of his logical inferences, reckless of the feelings of his poor mother, a most devoted Episcopalian of the High Church variety. Paul always pained her with his sudden leaps, his somersaults, his amazing change of attitude, and above all his heartless contempt for her idols—the church and good society. She believed in God, Bishop Potter and the Patriarchs. This trio sufficed her soul hunger, and Paul's renunciation of Mozart and Donizetti (she dearly loved Lucia), his sarcastic flouting of church goers and his refusal to range himself were additional weeds of woe in her mourning life.

There was Edith Vicker; but Paul was such a hopeless case and wouldn't see that a nice, pretty, rich, moderately intelligent, well reared young woman was slipping through his fingers. Mrs. Goddard often sighed last winter in her sumptuous up-town apartments.

Nietzsche opened new intellectual vistas for Paul and he actually became serious. The notion of regarding one's own personality as a possible work of art to be labored upon and polished to perfection's point, set him thinking hard. What had he done with his life? What wasted opportunities! He deserted his club and began his piano playing again, and when reproached by his friends for his fickleness he excused himself by quoting Nietzsche; a thinker, as well as a snake, must shed his skin once a year, else death. He also was ready with Emerson's. "Only fools are consistent," and felt altogether very fine and superior to his fellow beings. Nietzsche feeds the flame of one's vanity, and Paul was sure that he belonged to the quintessential band of elect souls that is making for the Uebermensch—the Beyond-Man!

Yet he was such a good looking young fellow that even the servant girls liked him, those stern and impartial critics of the culinary Nibelheim.

He really was a fine boyish lad, and he could never pass a pretty girl—whether a countess or a chamber-maid—without making soft eyes at her. Paul was popular, and so the Roumanian ladies laughed at him in oily voices and admiringly. Paul had left his mother in Paris, the heat was too trying for travel, and he was close to Bayreuth on this torrid summer one Sunday afternoon last July.

Yet another hour before him, he turned his critical attention to the laughing trio. One was a princess. She told Paul so, and spoke of the sultry diversions of Bucharest. The second was a fat singer, who scandalized the Englishman by inquiring if there wasn't

a good coloratura part in Parsifal. If there was she intended asking Frau Cosima Wagner to let her sing it in 1897; but if there wasn't she supposed she would have to be content with the Forest Bird; even Melba was a Waldvogel, why couldn't she be?

Her luscious, oily skin, sparkling eyes and 200 pounds of flesh amused Paul exceedingly. He knew Maurice Grau very well, and he told the singer that when Parsifal was sung next season at the Metropolitan Opera House he would speak to the impresario and get her the part of Kundry. It was for a lark-like voice, such as the lady said she possessed, and full of Bellini's floritura.

As he gravely related these fables he was conscious of the penetrating gaze of the third woman. She was tall, frail looking, with a dark, dry skin, hair black, glossy, and she had the most melancholy eyes in the world. Paul returned her glance with discretion and without boldness. His eyes were Irish blue gray and full of the devil at times, and they could also be very sympathetic and melting when he willed. The two young people examined each other with that calm, animal regard which Schopenhauer declares, makes or mars the destiny of a new generation. But metaphysics and the biology of the sexes bothered not at all the youth and maiden. Paul admired the classic regularity of her features and wondered why her face seemed familiar. Her mouth was large, irregular and perverse. It suggested Marie Bashkirtseff's, and it was just as yearning and as unsatisfied. Despite their sadness, fun lurked in the corners of her eyes, and he knew that she enjoyed his harmless hoax.

Then they both burst out laughing and the princess said in a surprised voice:

"Helena, why do you laugh with the young American gentleman?"

She also mentioned a family name that caused the New Yorker to stare. What, was this slip of a girl with the determined chin and brows the identical one who almost set Russia quarreling with another nation and upset the peace of Roumania? Yes, it was the girl, and Paul no longer wondered why her face seemed familiar. It had been common property of the photographers and newspaper illustrators a few years ago, and as he mentally indexed its features he almost said aloud that her curious, morbid beauty had never even been faintly reproduced.

His imagination was stirred; Roumania had always seemed so remote, and here was he, Paul Goddard, a plain American citizen face, to face with the heroine of one of those mysterious Eastern intrigues in which kings, crowns, queens and ladies in waiting were all delightfully mixed up. He lost no opportunity of making himself thoroughly agreeable, and when he chose to exert his powers he was very magnetic. So he chatted with the mysterious Helena of Wagner and Degeneracy and discovered that she was a crazy admirer of Ludwig of Bavaria, Nietzsche, Guy de Maupassant, Poe, Leopardi, Chopin, Marie Bashkirtseff and all the rest of the sick brained people of the latter half of our sick brained century. She, too, had written a book, which was to appear soon. It was full of the Weltschmerz of Schopenhauer and the bold upspringing individualism of Nietzsche. She had odd theories of the Ring of the Nibelungs, and had read Browning's Sordello. She told Paul that she found but one stumbling block in Wagner. How, she asked gravely, with a slight blush—how was Parsifal Lohengrin's father?

Paul said he didn't know how. It must have occurred long after his experiences with Kundry and the Flower Girls, and perhaps it was a sort of—well, you remember in Judea 1,800 years ago. He hesitated.

"Oh, no, M. Goddard!" she quickly answered. "Not that. The swan died, you know; besides Parsifal was always a Pure-Fool." Paul then suggested that it might have been another of the same name but of a different family. Now there were plenty of Irish Parsifals, for Irishmen are the chanciest fools in the world, and—then the conversation went to pieces most lamentably, for the soprano called out:

"Voilà! Bayreuth, the Wagner theatre!" and they all craned their necks to catch the first glimpse of that mystic edifice built on the hill, the new musical Pantheon, the new St. Peter's of the Bewitched Ones.

And the Englishman continued to calmly read about the Loki-motif as the train slowly steamed into Bayreuth.

Paul found comfortable lodgings in the Lisztstrasse and his new friends went to the Hotel Sonne,

At half past 4 he was up on the hill looking at the world and as immaculately dressed as if he stood in the bow window of the Calomel Club ogling Fifth avenue girls. He was only vaguely interested in the approaching performance, and his pulses did not quicken when Donner's motif told the gabbling, eager throng that the great Trilogy was about to unfold its fables of water, wood and wind. He took his seat unconcernedly, and then the house became black, and from space welled up those elemental sounds, not merely music, but the sighing, droning swish of waters. The Rhine calmly, majestically stole over Paul's senses, he forgot New York, he even forgot his new cravat, and when the curtains parted he was with the Rhine Daughters, with Alberich, and his heart seem to stop beating. All sense of identity vanished at a wave of Wagner's magic wand, and not being a music critic his ego was absorbed, as by the shining mirror in the hand of a hypnotist. This, then, was Wagner, a Wagner who attacked simultaneously all the senses, vanquished the strongest brain, smothered, bruised, smashed, wept, sang, surged, roared, sighed, searched, smeared and ravished your soul until it was put to flight, routed, vanquished, and brought it bleeding and captive at the feet of the master.

The eye was promise-crammed, the ears sealed with bliss, and Paul *felt* the wet of the waters. He panted as Alberich scaled the slimy steeps, and the curves described by the three swimming mermaids filled him with the joy of the dance, the free, unconfined ecstatic movements of free things of the waves.

The rape of the Rhinegold, the hoarse shout of laughter from Alberich's love forsaken lips, and the terrified cries of the three watchers were as real as Wall Street to Paul.

Walhall didn't bore him, and he began at last to catch faint clues of the meaning of the mighty epic. Wotan and Fricka, Loki, mischief making, diplomatic, clever Loki; the giants, Freia, and foolish, malicious, maimed Mime, these became living entities, and not mere papier-maché gods and goddesses. He went to the under world, and saw the snake, the ring and the tarnhelm; he heard the Anvil Chorus—oh, so different from Verdi's!—he saw later the giants quarreling over their booty, and the rainbow seemed to him to bridge the way to another, brighter world. As the Walhall March died in Paul's ears he found himself in the open air, and he thought it all over as he slowly went with the crowd down the hill, that new Mount of Olives trod by the feet of two decades of martyrs. He had a program, but he was too confused, too overcome by the clangor of his brain particles to read it. He was not dreaming, nor yet was he awake, he was Wagnerized. The first attack is not always fatal, but it is always very severe, even to the point of pain. Paul Goddard had become a Wagnerite, and his Nietzsche and Nordau skins melted from him as melts the slush in the sun.

Striking through his many exalted moods was the consciousness of having recognized one of the Rhine Daughters. It was the contralto, an Eastern girl from Maine and inheriting the sturdiness of that State. Rue Towne was her odd name and she had once been a pupil of New England vocal school, but she had lived that down, and after the usual hard, interesting struggle abroad she had landed on her legs in Bayreuth. Paul remembered her well. A blond girl, eyes indescribably gray, with dark lashes, a face full of interesting accents, a rhythmical chin and cheek bones that told of resolution. Her figure was lovely, and Paul resolved to call on her the very next day.

He soon discovered Rue's address, for Bayreuth is small and full of information for the curious. Paul on Monday morning went to the Alexanderstrasse, where Rue resided, only to find that she was at rehearsal for Walküre. He was rather put out, as he was accustomed to get what he wanted without much exertion. He then bethought him of Helena, the Roumanian beauty, and his blood warmed at the recollection of a glance he had received the afternoon previous. That and the hand pressure were unmistakable. So he went to the Sonne Hotel and sent up his card. The three ladies were at breakfast; would Mr. Goddard call in an hour?

Paul cursed his luck and walked to Wahnfried, wondering if he was to be bored during his stay. The reaction from the tense, exalted condition of Rheingold had set in. Paul was not a beer drinker, so he could not avail himself of the consolations of

fered by Gambrinus, the Drowsy Deity of Germany. He had taken a pint of bad champagne and some tough chicken and had slept badly. His cigar, too, was abominable, and he felt absolutely disillusioned as he paced the historic garden of Wahnfried. The true Wagnerite is always in heaven or hell. There is no middle distance in his picture of life and art. At Wagner's grave Paul felt a return of the thrill. But it passed away at the barking of a boarhound. He went slowly toward the hotel and was in such a perverse mood that he passed it and turned into the Ludwigstrasse. Then he met some one.

* * *

A girl passed him, gave him a shy, half startled glance, hesitated, and spoke to him. It was Rue Towne.

"Mr. Goddard, I found your card a moment ago. I am very glad to see you. How did you like Rheingold?"

Paul was standing in the street, the girl looking down into his eyes; he made a conventional answer, their hands touched, and they went down the street together.

* * *

That afternoon Paul received a pretty note from the Roumanian. She wrote of her sorrow at his not calling again, and asked him to join them during the first entr'acte of *Die Walküre*. He tossed the note away, for his brain was filled with the vision of a girl in a straight brimmed, straw hat; a girl with a voice like a wooing clarinet and eyes that were dewy with desire. Paul was hard hit, and as one nail drives out another, the blonde woman supplanted the brunette woman in his easily excited imagination.

The first act of *Die Walküre* did not lay the fair ghost in his brain, and he went out on the esplanade full of the promises of her mouth and encountered the three Roumanians. Helena detached herself from her companions and came to him with that gracious gait, that proud pose of head and throat that gave her a touch of royalty. She reproached him with her magnetic gaze, and soon the pair were strolling in the leafy lanes about the theatre. Paul had never met a woman who tantalized him mentally as did Helena. She had a manner of half uttering a sentence, of sending a nuance into her question that interested him while it irritated him. Nordau says that degenerates are mutually attracted, and there was an unwholesome savor in the personality of this distinguished girl that was infinitely enticing to his cultivated taste and at the same time slightly repellent. Without effort they glided into confidences, and the Sword motif sounding for the second act found them old friends. Youth is not the time for halting compromise.

Lilli Lehmann took Paul out of himself, and the beauty and vigor of the act stirred him again. But he could not recapture the first fine careless rapture of the night before. To the nerves, virginal of Wagner, that thrill comes once only.

* * *

In the long intermission Paul found Helena and took her to the crowded café across the road to get something to eat and drink. It was a quarter after 7, and Wagner wears on the stomach. Even a poetical Roumanian girl has earthly appetites. So they drank champagne and ate goose liver, and the confidences of the dining table were many. Nothing establishes a strong bond of sympathy like the hunger and thirst of two healthy young human animals. Paul seemed to have forgotten Rue and the splendor of her hair and complexion. He was rapidly losing his head before the subtle blandishments of the Eastern woman. He saw that she was a trained coquette, but her seriousness, her fierceness that broke through the shell of silky manners, gave him a glimpse of a woman worth winning, and he was just gambler enough, American enough, to dare. When he left her he squeezed her shapely arm until she shuddered, and he carried away a look that was unequivocally a challenge.

Paul's brain was on fire during the Ride of the Valkyries, and he hardly heard Hans Richter's masterly reading. The stage failed to interest him until he discovered Rue in Valkyrean garb, and then he watched with his soul in his eyes. Her profile, so charming in its irregularity; her freedom of pose, her heroic action, filled him with admiration. By the light from the stage he read her name, Fräulein Rue Towne, and she was the last of the Valkyries. He watched with indifferent gaze the close of the

act, and mentally voted the Paris version of the Magic Fire scene far superior to Bayreuth.

He went toward the Hotel Sonne, as he had promised to sup with Helena, and wondered how he could see Rue that night. The American girl seemed something infinitely sweet, healthy, sun swept in nature compared with her Slavic rival.

"By Jove," said Paul aloud, "it's a case of rouge et noir, and I'm in for it and no mistake."

Paul was fond of polyphony.

* * *

After supper he suggested to Helena Sammet's Garden. The artists always flocked there and it might prove interesting. Although a chaperon was a necessity, Helena persuaded the princess that she could go out just once in the American fashion. It would be so novel. Paul pleaded and of course won the day—or the night. The young people hardly spoke as they went down the dark street to the garden. The air was full of electricity. A touch, a glance and a storm would be precipitated. So they reached the garden and found a seat near enough the house to be tortured by Herr Sammet's crazy trombone. At the same table was a black bearded little man dressed in white flannels.

"It is the Sár Peladan, I know him by his odor," said Helena, discontentedly, and they changed their seats.

"What a degenerate you are!" said Goddard, laughingly. He, too, hated musk. "You are what Simon Nordau would call a Nosophile."

"Yes, I believe sometimes I can think with my nose, my smelling sense is so keen. I can almost divine approaching enemies. Who is that girl staring at you so hard, M. Goddard, a very pretty blonde, she looks like an American? No, not near the house—there, over there!" Helena reminded Paul of a cat that lifts a threatening fury back when she scents a hostile dog.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "It must be Rue. This settles me for good." It was Rue and she never looked lovelier.

* * *

The slight violet bruises under her eyes betokened emotional exhaustion. She was dressed in white, and the simplicity of her gown and its charming fit made the German women around uglier, if that were possible. Paul's heart knocked against his ribs as he returned her constrained bow. He saw that she had quietly and earnestly examined Helena, and as the eyes of the women met antagonism kindled. But the American girl was mistress of herself. She began to talk animatedly to the group of artists about her, while Helena sulked and glowered at Paul's too openly expressed admiration.

"You admire your own countrywomen, do you not, M. Goddard?" she asked, and the inflections in her voice were cruelly sarcastic. Before Paul could answer she touched his arm softly and said:

"If you can't look at me when I talk to you, why you may take me home."

Paul at once begged her pardon, called for his reckoning, and they prepared to leave the garden. He did not salute again Rue Towne, for she was talking earnestly to an ugly, old fat man with a gray beard and a Wagnerian forehead half a foot high. But out of the tail of his eye he saw that she was fully conscious of his departure. Scarlet spots came into her face, and as Paul walked down the garden steps he felt as if two fiery eyes burned into his back. Then he did what other desperate men have done under similar circumstances. He made violent love to Helena and it relieved the pain at his heart. But the girl was capricious, and only by dint of magnificent lying did he finally force her hand into his. They were now walking toward the Hofgarten down a lonely, deserted street. The many bells of Bayreuth told them that it was a quarter past 11, and the moon rode tenderly beyond in the blue. It was a night made for soft false oaths and hot kisses, and as Paul drew Helena to him he thought of Rue and she of that prince who had played the weakling to her strong woman's heart.

O blessed love, that can at least console two hearts glowing for the absent!

* * *

Paul awoke next morning with what the hard-headed Germans call a moral headache. He had a bad taste in his conscience, and he decided to call as soon as possible on Rue. It was nearly 11 before he got to her house. As she had no rehearsal for Siegfried she received him. He thought that she was

distant, but he talked fast and earnestly, and soon the ice began to thaw. Paul felt happy. Helena appealed to his passions, his decadent tastes, but Rue was as the perfume of morning. He told her so, and explained at great length and with considerable ingenuity how he came in the company of a lone young woman. Her two chaperons—Paul fancied two sounded more imposing—had gone by mistake to the garden of the Sonne Hotel; that is why he left so soon with the lady, who was only a recent acquaintance.

He felt Rue's eyes on him as he wove this roundelay, and feeling hot about the neck and a little fearful of his ability to keep up the strain much longer he suddenly grasped the girl in his arms, crying out, and most sincerely:

"O Rue, why do we waste time talking about a woman I never cared for and never expect to see again! I love you, I love you, my darling! Kiss me just once and tell me you care for me."

As he fell upon her as an avalanche she was taken off her guard, and the inevitable happened. She kissed Paul and he placed a big ring on her finger, a ring a world too wide, and he left the house an hour later an engaged and also a much beperjured man. He was happy though until he thought of Helena.

* * *

That evening when Siegfried was finished Paul walked arm and arm with Rue down the hill to Sammet's. As they entered they brushed against three ladies, and Paul said aloud:

"Oh, Hell!"

* * *

And it was the next day. Rue had to go to a rehearsal for the Rhine Daughters in Götterdämmerung, and as Paul was whistling the Spring Song from *Walküre* in his room a knock at his door brought the unwelcome news that a lady wished to see him. He wondered who the lady was, and as the parlor of the house had been turned into a bedroom he put on his hat and went into the hall to be confronted by Helena, shamefaced but resolute.

"Come out into the street," he begged, for in her implacable eyes he read signs of the approaching storm.

They silently descended to a lower étage. Then she turned and faced him:

"So you didn't come to me the day after," she said, Roumania excited was a stirring spectacle, but Paul wished that he was up the Hudson playing golf.

He endeavored to placate her. Helena, angered at her own loss of dignity in condescending to call on this man, reproached him bitterly, and it seemed to him that she was about to sing the picturesque Serbian songs of hate which Carmen Sylva has made known to us, when they reached the street. Then her rage vanished in a moment.

"You conceited man, and you really took me in solemn earnest! I fancied the Americans had a sense of humor. Pooh! you're not a man to love more than a moment, anyhow," and she went on her way laughing mockingly, leaving Paul shamefaced, angered, his self-love all bruised and his senses aroused, for Helena wrathful was more beautiful than Helena amiable.

* * *

He was so distressed in mind that he only sat through one act of Götterdämmerung, and his Wagner madness seemed to have evaporated. He hovered around the back of the theatre, but only caught a glimpse of Rue getting in a carriage with the same fat old German—perhaps her singing teacher, he thought.

Although it was late he called at her house. She had not yet arrived, the maid told him. He moaned about disconsolately until 1 o'clock, keeping at a safe distance from the Hotel Sonne. Then he wearily went to bed, and dreamed that the Nornes were chasing him down Fifth avenue.

The next morning he called again on Rue. She sent down word that she was tired and in bed. He called again in the afternoon; she was not at home. In the evening, feeling as if he would go mad, he was told that she had gone out and would not be back until late. He hung around the house in a hungry dog fashion, smiling bitterly at times and beginning to doubt even his own tailor. But no Rue.

He went home at last, and in a rage of love and jealousy he sat down and wrote to Rue this letter:

"Rue, my Rue, darling, what is the matter? Have I offended you? Why did you not see me to-day, tonight? Oh, how lonely was the street, how sad my heart! I thought of Verlaine's 'It rains in my heart'

as it rains in the town.' Why don't you see me? You are mine, you swore so. My sweet girl, whose heart is as fragrant as new mown hay. Darling, you must see me to-morrow—to-day—for I am writing to you in the early, early morning. You know that you promised to come to me next year in America. Only think, sweetheart, what joy then! The sky is afame with love. We walk slowly under few soft spring stars, and your hand is in mine, and that night, that night your heart will sob on my breast, my lovely woman, and your heart will beat faintly as we both slip over the hills to heaven. Rue, you will make me a poet yet. Say, I beg you, the hour when I may see you."

Then Paul threw himself on the bed, but not to sleep. It was daybreak, and the Teutonic chanticleer of the dawn had lusty lungs, and so it was soon time for coffee. He dressed in feverish haste, went out of doors, secured a messenger and dispatched the letter. He walked up and down the Lisztstrasse for twenty minutes, and his emotion was so great at the sight of the boy returning, a letter in hand, that he retreated into the doorway and awaited the news. It was brief. He read this in Rue's firm handwriting:

"Your friend Helena has told me all. Here is your ring."

There was no signature.

Paul then did what most cowards do. He went to the other woman. The storm in his soul might be allayed, and he could have the pleasure of showing Rue that she was not necessary to him. Of course the jealousy of Helena had spoiled his game; for he really had meant to be sincere with Rue, so he told himself in the inward, eloquent manner which paves hell with composite intentions. Of course it was all clear to him. Helena loved him, else why did she tell Rue of his double dealing? It gave him a glowing feeling again in his distracted bosom, and as he walked into the Hotel Sonne he said between clutched teeth:

"Black wins!"

He was met by a polite portier, who told him that his friends had left on the early train for Vienna. But there was a letter!

Heart sick and with trembling hands he tore open the envelope.

"Did you really think I loved an American when I can have a Serbian? Better console your singer."

No signature.

"When does the next train leave for Paris?" asked Paul of the polite portier.

There is a rumor in Gotham society that Paul Goddard is engaged to Edith Vicker. He never goes to a Wagner music drama, and is passionately addicted to pony polo.

Americans are very versatile.

JAMES HUNEKER.

Newport News.

THERE is a great deal of music at Newport this season. Mr. Heinrich Meyn sang at Miss Annie Leary's cottage on the 20th at a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Yznaga, the mother of the Duchess of Manchester. He had to repeat Stephen Adams' *Adieu, Marie* three times. There were present Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Senator Brice, Mrs. Yznaga, Mrs. Bishop Potter, Miss Schermerhorn, Madame Janotha and Miss Amy Fay. Mr. Meyn also sang songs by Maud V. White, A. G. Robyn and an aria from *Faust*, and Madame Janotha played a varied set of piano solos. Madame Janotha and Miss Fay are great friends. The Countess Treville sang some French songs. Mr. Meyn was subsequently invited by Mrs.

Frederick Vanderbilt to visit her residence, which he found an artistic gem of a house.

Mr. Meyn will remain for the present at Narragansett Pier, where he sings at select entertainments. He finds that English ballads take best at these social musicals, and will make a specialty of them for next season.

The E Method of Voice Culture— Voxometric Revelations.

BY ALFRED AUGUSTUS NORTH.

PAPER NO. I.

THE title has a medicinal flavor, and is indeed a dose! Its pages have been scanned again and again with finite pains, but with infinite disgust. It would more fittingly read, The Nux-Voxometric Method; for it suggests nausea, and neither adjective has ever before been stamped by pen or press. It does not tarry with its absurdities and inanities, for the preface itself abounds with them. Thus it begins:

VOXOMETRIC REVELATIONS.

The Problem Surrounding the Production of the Human Voice Finally Discovered.

This is too good! How a problem can surround a subject, encircle or embrace it is a mystery which should be one of Mr. North's "revelations." And in "discovering" a problem there is not the slightest difficulty. Every mortal being has "discovered" that human existence is a problem; our author need have no especial pride in his "discovery" of the vocal problem; he has certainly failed in its solution.

Further down on this prefatory page is found:

Written and compiled by Justin Abner for the Author,

ALFRED AUGUSTUS NORTH.

But it had hitherto most innocently been supposed that a "writer and compiler" was himself an "author." If by "author" Mr. Justus Abner means that he has been authorized to perpetuate most execrable English and to fly like a blind bat against the solid walls of acoustic and physiologic facts, then he is sufficiently dignified by the permission. It is certain, however, that Alfred Augustus North has read what Justus Abner has "written and compiled," and that it will be perfectly fair to review the work as an—"emanation, we will call it, for which Alfred Augustus North is fully responsible.

Another puzzle is, Why did Alfred Augustus North shrink from the writing and compiling? Does he not even know that his assistant should "compile" his presumable facts before he "wrote" them, and not afterward, as the sentence declares? Does he understand writing at all, or even to that minute degree which would have enabled him to recognize with horror the crudeness—well, we may be justified in saying the villainy of the English of his "writer and compiler," Justus Abner? It is simple justice, Justus, to call the attention of your victimized readers to just a few of the wounds you have so ruthlessly inflicted upon the mangled and bleeding body of English construction. Why, the English Lunn and the American Meyer are a brace of Shakespeares in comparison! Your grammar is positively indecent; it is the refuse, the garbage of English, not its paper, clean or otherwise! Our new law in New York compels us to provide a separate can, a different zinc depository, for each of these two articles, and, by good rights, they should be separated in literature.

Will the reader turn to page 58? He will find the following:

This must be accompanied by an entire forgetfulness of yourself, and heedless alike of your hearers, with your mind thoroughly centred only on the subject under treatment, sing as you think the angels ought to sing, every pulse of your body throbbing with emotion and every nerve quivering with whatever emotions and sentiments indicated by the music and words actuate you at the moment.

Can that be excelled? There is but a single subject in the whole conglomeration. It is not a construable sentence unless "this * * * sing" is intended to stand for another subject and verb and a singular noun for a plural verb appears to be an especial favorite with this compiler, "heedless alike of your hearers." What here does the "alike" indicate? Evidently a poetical flight was intended,

but even poesy, with all its license, cannot shear its sentences of their subjects or make comparisons of single objects. The imaginary "hearer" "flocks by himself," as Lord Dundreary used to say.

Sometimes the subject is bravely launched; and then, after a few words, is left to its nominative self, allowed to drift as it may while an entirely new sentence sets sail! Here is another literary triumph:

*"The situation of the vocal plates (sic), the seat or place of creation of the sound, is the correctly positioned centre between the two, and, as we have said, gives a similar sound effect to what a lens would do with light—WHEN the throat is kept properly open * * * the tongue held down * * *." That is, "the situation of the vocal plates is * * * the * * * centre between the two" (plates). What amazing wisdom! What a "revelation!" and [the situation] gives a similar sound effect * * *. Who could have revealed to Alfred Augustus North, who neither writes nor compiles, "that a situation can create a sound"? But what follows is really comic: "Gives a similar sound effect to what a lens would do with light." The "do" is lovely in itself, but the comparison of a noun with an entire clause is roseate! Incidentally the reader should notice that two of the worst faults of voice, an "open throat" and a "lowered tongue," the ruin of half the vocal students at home and abroad, especially abroad, are not only suggested but advocated as essential vocal efforts.*

Hardly a page can be turned from cover to cover of this abortive work which does not bristle with similar defiance of the laws of correct composition. The parts of sentences are wrenches from their proper sequence; elephantine awkwardness is the inevitable result of attempts at grace. It is right and proper that attention should be called to such abominable settings of spurious gems.

As was earlier declared in the columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER, a certain approximate correctness of diction, if not an elegance of style, is to be expected in the treatment of a subject either scientific or artistic, and the subject of singing is both. A more flagrant offense in this regard has never been committed in the musical profession than this one committed by the high sounding Alfred Augustus North and Justus Abner, who deserve the series of condemnatory articles projected. The succeeding papers will easily prove, to the astonished comprehension of the beginning student of voice, that their innocence of all acoustic and physiologic laws clearly surpasses their ignorance of the laws of *belles lettres*.

Why, then, if the whole work is so worthless in every respect is there any need of noticing it? Why not let it severely alone?

Because it is being advertised in this country prodigiously. Immense and flamboyant circulars arrive almost weekly; the waste paper basket is stuffed with them. Scottish magazines containing articles of fulsome praise are sent broadcast. Evidently a deal of money is being spent in the attempt to foist the work upon our whole musical public. Many letters have been received asking for an opinion of its merits.

It has no merits—not one. It should not pass unchallenged. There is but one word that will fitly describe it, and that word is insanity. Let the reader withhold his or her opinion until later papers have been read. Amazement will rival indignation during their perusal.

Where do all these outrageous pretenses come from? What country do these "writers and compilers" and "authors," who neither write nor compile, honor with their prophetic presence? Guess if you can. You may be made a little "warmer" as the children say at play, by being informed that it is neither Terra del Fuego, Kamskatka nor the realm of King Menelek. Guess away, then, till next time.

JOHN HOWARD.

An Edition of Verdi.—G. Ricordi & Co., of Milan, announce an edition of the works of Verdi. It will be published by subscription. All the compositions of Verdi for voice and piano and for piano alone will be issued in twenty-seven handsome 8vo volumes, beginning December 1. Two volumes will appear each month, so the whole will be completed in about a year and a quarter. The subscription price is 145 frs. for the vocal and piano and 75 frs. for the piano edition. No subscriptions will be received after October 31. The German agents are Breitkopf & Härtel.

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The Virgil Recitals.

A MOST instructive lecture by Mrs. H. Kotzschmar, some delightful playing by Miss Marie Mattoon, and illustrations of technical work, by Miss Marjorie Parker, composed an attractive program for the fifth recital.

Mrs. Kotzschmar spoke on the Growth of Music, and within the brief space of twenty-five minutes comprehensively covered the subject. Facts were presented with regularity and conciseness, and every well chosen sentence was full of an infectious enthusiasm for art and art's greatest disciples.

The playing of Miss Mattoon was an unexpected treat. Having studied in the Virgil School but about one season, she is little more than a beginner in the method. Her playing shows what can be accomplished in a short period of time, when efficient instruction combines with earnest study. Miss Mattoon's style is truly musical, her touch resonant, especially in cantabile and chord passages, and her execution well grounded.

Warm color in the Paderewski Legende and some pretty conceits in the Jeffery Gavot showed Miss Mattoon to be a girl of much imagination. As such she will require an immense amount of mechanical training. Imagination is one of the greatest gifts a musician can hold; but without the discipline of strict mechanical work it almost inevitably leads the possessor into a state of dreamy irresolution fatal to the high development of talent.

Miss Marjorie Parker executed crossings, scales and arpeggios from the Virgil method, and played three studies in velocity by Duvenay. Mrs. Virgil explained that the object of Miss Parker's playing was to illustrate to teachers what amount of technical ability and what "fixed playing habits" were desirable before an average pupil should commence the study of pieces. Miss Parker, who is a school girl of fourteen, had just reached the point mentioned. Preparation for pieces, as exemplified by Miss Parker, means clean cut, accurate finger action, easy arm and wrist movements, and a good degree of velocity. Many an old player might envy the amount of even technic she already has acquired.

Miss Mattoon is a pupil of Mr. John Brady. Miss Parker is under Mrs. Virgil's instruction.

The program:

An Outline of the Growth of Music.....	Mrs. H. Kotzschmar.
Prelude, C major.....	Bach
Prelude, E major.....	
Morning Serenade.....	Henselt
Villanella	Raff
Miss Marie Mattoon.	
Technical Work—Crossing exercises Nos. 67, 68, 69. Rate of velocity, 640 notes per minute.	
Major harmonic and melodic minor scales of C. Rate of velocity, 640 notes per minute.	
Arpeggios of C. Rate of velocity, 576 notes per minute. Virgil method.	
Etudes, 1, 2 and 4.....	Duvenay
Rate of velocity varying from 500 to 640 notes per minute.	
Miss Marjorie Parker.	
Prelude	Chopin
Legende.....	Paderewski
Gavot.....	Jeffery
Miss Marie Mattoon.	

One of the prettiest programs of the course was played on Thursday evening by Mr. Walter Strong Edwards. Mr. Edwards has studied for some length of time in the Virgil School, and is a pupil of Mr. Frederic Mariner.

When one feels one's music simply, unaffectedly, one's playing possesses an untaught charm most touching. Mr. Edwards' playing has much of this charm. There are many in the school who excel him in technic, but there are few with so poetic a temperament. Indeed, he errs on the side of poetry of emotion, his sentiment causing him to drag tempo and to sacrifice breadth for detail. To in-

dulge in figurative language, when we expect an imposing pile of musical architecture Mr. Edwards gives us only tonal fragments and fine carvings, lovely, but frail and disappointing. There was one notable exception to this, however, in his strong rendering of the inspiring Händel aria.

With greater technical growth, and the cultivation of bravura, Mr. Edwards should become an exceptional pianist.

Mr. Mariner assisted his pupil, singing two numbers. A baritone of agreeable quality, little or no method, and the happy faculty of giving interest to the words of a song are Mr. Mariner's chief qualities as a vocalist.

Mr. Claude M. Griffith accompanied with taste and judgment.

The program:

PART I.	
Aria from Händel's Susanna.....	Transcribed by Lavignac
Am Genfer See	Bendel
Spinning Song.....	Mendelssohn
A Maiden Fair.....	Lynes
Mr. Frederic Mariner.	
Sonata, op. 31, No. 2, Allegro.....	Beethoven
Chant Polonaise.....	Chopin
Mr. Walter Strong Edwards.	
Prelude and Fugue, No. 6, Book 2.....	Bach
Berceuse.....	Jensen
King of the Forest Am I.....	Parker
Mr. Frederic Mariner.	
Mazurka, op. 33, No. 4.....	Chopin
Mazurka, op. 50, No. 2.	
Caprice Espagnol.....	Moszkowski
Mr. Walter Strong Edwards.	
PART II.	
Prelude and Fugue, No. 6, Book 2.....	Bach
Berceuse.....	Jensen
King of the Forest Am I.....	Parker
Mr. Frederic Mariner.	
Mazurka, op. 33, No. 4.....	Chopin
Mazurka, op. 50, No. 2.	
Caprice Espagnol.....	Moszkowski
Mr. Walter Strong Edwards.	

Artists Versus Millionaires.

IT is a favorite delusion of artists that they can make a great deal of money in fashionable summer watering places by taking up their abode there for a few weeks during the height of the season. Most of them who try it are rudely awakened from their golden dreams, and, like Dr. Foster, who "went to Gloster in a shower of rain," and who had the sad accident of "stepping into a puddle up to his middle," they "never go there again."

I once met a very fine singer in Newport, a baritone, who had studied with Randegger and Shakespeare in London, and who was a finished artist. He was visiting at the house of a rich and well-known society woman, and seemed to have excellent backing. After remaining in Newport a fortnight and entertaining the friends of this lady, *gratis*, by his fine singing, thus paying for his board, one might say, he said he was going to take his leave, and that "Newport was not the place for artists." The fact was he had been unable to obtain any engagements which paid.

Surprised at the non-success of so agreeable and talented a singer, I said to one of the millionaires who was famous for inviting society every week, "Mrs. Blank, why do you not engage Mr. So-and-So to sing at your next reception? He is unusually fine."

"Very true," she replied; "but, do you know, he wants sixty dollars for an afternoon! I spoke to my friend, Mrs. R., about him," she added (another of the great millionaires in Newport), "and she said she couldn't afford to have Mr. So-and-So, and I thought to myself, if Mrs. R. can't afford to have him, I am sure I can't. These people want the earth, my dear! Now if they would sing for \$25 it would be very different. Almost anybody would be willing to give that for an afternoon."

Much edified by the discourse of this lady, I enlightened my artist friends as to what they might expect here. Some of them took the hint, and adopted \$25 as their price. But, alas! things were no better. When asked their terms

and modestly stating they were "\$25," they confronted the same difficulty as the artist who wanted \$60.

It was gently intimated that "the honor of being heard in a fashionable house ought to be sufficient remuneration, as it would probably bring in other engagements, which would pay." The artist remaining obdurate, the hostess finally conceded that "she would be willing to give \$10, perhaps, for his services."

This munificent offer he was at liberty to take or to leave, as he felt disposed. If hard up for money to pay his laundress, as too many admirable artists are, he would accept the \$10 as "better than nothing," and live in hopes of \$50 or \$60 next time.

Artists are sometimes very handsomely paid in Newport, it is true. I have known Lillian Russell to receive \$400 here for an evening performance at a party. Other artists of high rank get \$250 for an afternoon; but these sums are not paid to singers who come here to look up engagements. On the contrary, their best course is to stay away from Newport, and they are far more likely to be engaged from a distance for the express occasion than they will be if they are on the ground. "Distance lends enchantment to the view" in this case, as in many others. Last week it was much commented upon in the papers that a leading society woman engaged a singer from a variety theatre to amuse her guests. It is a mistake to suppose that refined people enjoy such music. It may amuse for the moment, or be passed over with a smile, but it can never take the place of true art.

Hostesses should not forget that in order to have something to "make people laugh" they sometimes offend their good taste. Most persons would find far greater enjoyment in a good song, sung by a good artist, than in Maggie Cline's T'row Him Down, McCloskey.

AMY FAY.

Notice.

LETTERS addressed to the following are at the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER:

Arthur Tams.
Aimé Lachaume.
Elizabeth Webb Cary.

Lilli Herta.—Miss Lilli Herta has been re-engaged for Harburg, where she was last winter, with a larger salary.

Maud Powell.—The celebrated violinist Maud Powell, who is spending her vacation at Stamford-in-the-Catskills, recently gave at that charming resort a most successful concert, assisted by prominent piano and vocal talent. Several handsomely gowned young ladies acted as ushers, and the M. E. Church was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Altogether the entertainment was one of the most recherché ever given in Stamford, and the local papers speak in appreciative terms of the honor of having an artist of Miss Powell's calibre.

Miss Powell repeated her program at Fireman's Hall, Cooperstown, N. Y., on the 24th inst., with equal success.

Olivia Susan Clemens.—Miss Olivia Susan Clemens, eldest daughter of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), died Tuesday, August 18, at her father's home, in Hartford, Conn. Miss Clemens was twenty-four years old. She was graduated at Bryn Mawr College, and afterward studied music in Paris under Mme. Marchesi, but ill-health compelled her to return to America last year. After her parents and her sisters, Clara and Jean, started on Mr. Clemens' lecturing tour around the world, she visited friends in Hartford, expecting to join them when they reached England. She was to sail August 5, but the trip was postponed because of her ill health. Miss Clemens had a fine soprano voice, and was fitting herself for grand opera. It was her dream of ambition to recoup her father's fortunes by her voice.

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"A voice of unusual power and sweetness. Her style is distinctly dramatic."—*MAIL & EXPRESS*.

"Mlle. Parcello possesses a rare contralto."—*DETROIT TIMES*.

"A contralto of wide range and delightful timbre."—*AMERICAN REGISTER* (Paris).

"Mlle. Parcello sang with such fervor and breadth of style that she created a profound impression."—*LONDON TIMES*.

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A Great Sheet Ballad Publisher.

THE sheet ballads, the Gassenhauer, of England are strictly identified with the name of Catnach, and from a History of the Catnach Press the following particulars are taken:

The two Catnachs—for there were two of them, John and Jemmy—were neither of them cockneys. They came from Fife, from whose kings, as Jemmy Catnach used to boast, they were descended. John, the elder, was born at Burntisland, served his apprenticeship in Edinburgh, married a Dundee woman (Dundee, says Mr. Hindley learnedly, is "a seaport town in Scotland") at Berwick-on-Tweed and settled in Alnwick, where Jemmy was born. He was a man of taste and skill, who delighted in the publication of pretty books, and had brains enough to employ Thomas Bewick and Luke Clennell to illustrate his wares. For him the former artist produced his *Natural History* and his *Hermit of Warkworth*; and for him, in partnership with Davison, his cuts for *Beattie's Minstrel* and *Blair's Grave*. When the partnership was dissolved, John Catnach removed to Newcastle, where he speedily became bankrupt, and whence he removed, five years after, to London. Here, in "a front shop in Soho," he "had to resort to printing quarter-sheet ballads," says Mr. Hindley, "in the absence of work of a higher class"; and here, in no great while, he fell ill, and died in St. George's Hospital. It was not until after his death that his son, the illustrious Jemmy—"who in after years became so noted in street literature publications"—was able "to make his way to the metropolis." He had begun as a shepherd who wrote poetry; he had been duly bound to a printer in Alnwick; and when he set up in Monmouth court "it took," says our author, "all the prudence and tact which he could command to maintain his position, as at that time 'Johnny' Pitts, of the Toy and Marble Warehouse, No. 6 Great St. Andrew street, was the acknowledged and established printer of street literature" for the district. The feud for some time ran high; Mrs. Pitts, senior, had been a bumble woman, and the Catnach poets said so over and over again in terms the most lyric and acerb; while the bards of the opposition shop, as quoted by Mr. Hindley, made unkind reference to the fact that Jemmy not only "hung out" in Monmouth court, but wore "a pair of blue-black breeches"—

Where all the Polly Cox's crew do resort
To chop their swag for badly printed dying speeches.

But Jemmy was not the man to be beaten by a toy and marble warehouseman. He was the reverse of scrupulous; he got six months for "reflecting on the private character" of the sausages sold by a certain Pizsey, and he so far transmitted his inspiration to his assistants that, while he was in jail, his mother (Mrs. Hutchinson, of Dundee) was brought up at Bow street and "severely reprimanded," in company with two horn blowers, for the invention and circulation of a "horrid murder." And the times were all in his favor. There were no cheap newspapers; the "flying stationer" and the gutter poet did between them all the work of the daily press; every incident produced its crop of ballads and broadsheets; the deaths of Princess Charlotte and George III., the trial and decease of Queen Caroline, the Cato Street Conspiracy, the publication of *Tom and Jerry*, Fauntleroy, Thurtell, Maria Marten and the Red Barn, murders, scandals, actions for crim. con., elections, executions, last dying speeches and confessions—Catnach handled them all in villainous prose, or more villainous rhyme, and made money of them all. Sometimes he paid his literary men; he has been known to give half a crown for a single copy of verse. Sometimes he wrote his own lyrics; and terrible stuff they were. Mr. Hindley has snatched from oblivion a specimen, in the shape of a monody on the death of the Princess Charlotte; and thus it runs (the italics are ours):

She is gone! sweet Charlotte's gone,
Gone to the silent bourn;
She's gone, she's gone, for evermore,
She never can return.

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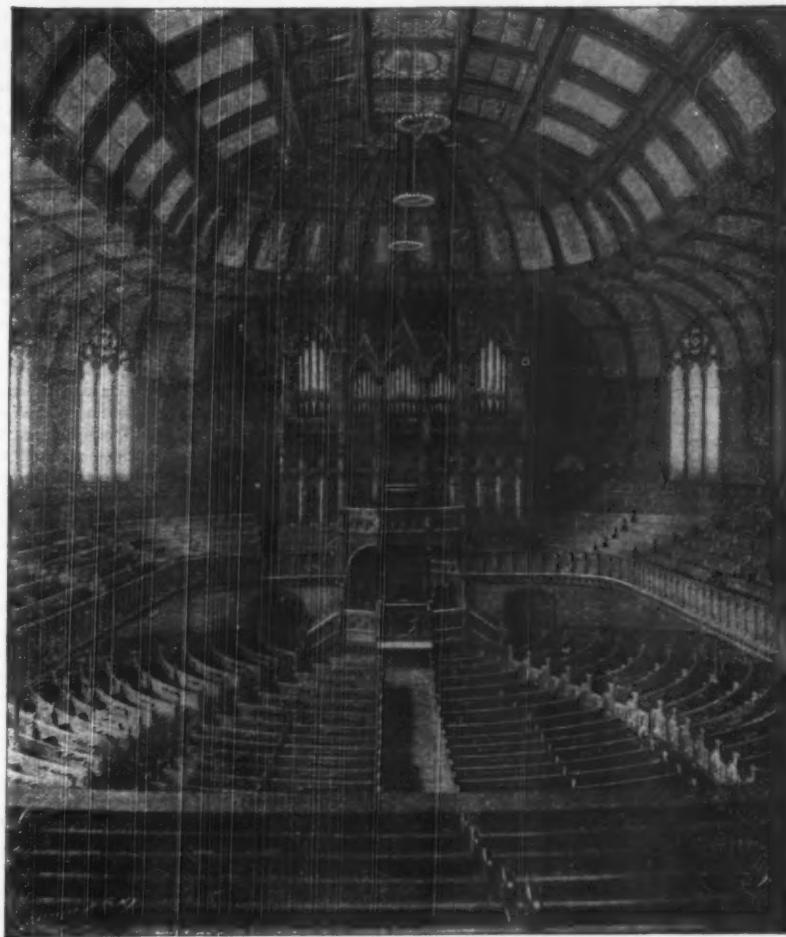
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WHEN the officers of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. John Hall's charge, decided some time ago that the old organ, which had pealed forth the high-class music of the church for fifteen years, should be replaced by a new one, it was a matter of course that the new instrument should be second to nothing in organ development, because the congregation is one of the wealthiest and most stylish in this city and its musical taste tends to the more cultivated and appreciative of all that is impressive and solemnly inspiring.

The work was intrusted to Messrs. J. H. & C. S. Odell & Co., of 407 and 409 West Forty-second street, the builders of some of the finest organs in use, and what the cost of this new work would be did not figure as an obstacle in the way of careful and expert work. The order for the new instrument was given *carte blanche*, with the only injunction (not necessary to the Odells) that the organ should in tone, power, action and accessories be equal, if not superior, to any other like instrument made.

The above engraving tells its own story of the artistic case work and the commanding position of the organ; and the best organists of the city, and there is no necessity of going further, have pronounced it rich in tone, distinct in style of voicing, and embodying a comprehensive system of rich and wonderful features. It is an Odell masterpiece.

This cut will appear in a work entitled *Metropolitan Churches*, in course of compilation by J. H. & C. S. Odell & Co.

She's gone with her joy—her darling boy.
The son of Leopold, *blythe and keen*;
She Died the sixth of November
Eighteen hundred and seventeen.

It must be admitted that the people who would buy that sort of thing were not difficult; and they bought Catnach's wares to an extent that in these days seems incredible. Of the Rush and Manning "execution papers" there were sold 2,500,000 copies each; while the Courvoisier and Greenacre affairs were responsible for the dissemination, in all, of over 3,000,000 sheets. Nor was stuff of this sort the

famous publisher's only source of revenue; he printed vast numbers of hornbooks and battledores, at prices varying from a penny to a farthing; he printed all sorts of chap-books; he invented the "three-yards-a-penny" style of song book, of which, in the heyday of their prime, some men would sell as many as twelve and fourteen dozens a day, and that for three or four months at a stretch. And when he retired from business he was worth some £5,000 or £6,000, the whole of it amassed in a trade of which, if he did not find it, he is so far the heroic representative.

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"Mr. Eddy can justly be ranked among the foremost organists of our epoch."—*Paris Figaro*, May 15 '96.

"There is no doubt that he is one of the greatest of living organists."—*London News Budget*, July 18, '96.

"If the Bach Society had only possessed the feet of this grand organist it might have spared itself the expense of a four manual organ."—*L'Observateur Romano*, April 17, '96.

"The program was remarkable for the marvelous perfection of its execution. Mr. Eddy made a very great and surprising sensation."—*Gazetta Musicale di Milano*, April 23, '96.

After three years of distinguished success in the music capitals of Europe Mr. Eddy returns to America in September for a tour of CONCERTS AND RECITALS, under the management of CHICAGO AMUSEMENT BUREAU, AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO.

Song Birds of Old Who Reigned with Sway Supreme.

EVERYBODY loves music; we listen to it when we can; we talk about it, and it is come to be a need of our existence. Dramatic music plays a notable part in this world's affairs, for it is popular, and it dominates all other branches of this art. For this reason, then, everybody wants lyric music of the present to be the best, and that of the future to be the equal of the present, while there are some who hope that it may even return to the greatness of sixty or seventy years ago. In any event, it must be good music to last, for while the singing voice will surely fail sooner or later, the notes that are sung and played need never die.

Few persons, however, possess the necessary aptitude to find really artistic pleasure in music. One can also range by category the individuals on whom music has more or less power. First, there are those who are fond of all kinds of music; then those who make the appearance of liking it; those who believe they like it; those who ask nothing better than to like it, and finally, those who are indifferent to it, who are worried by it, and who deny it. There are also persons who only seize the words vocalized.

Witness the enlightened amateur who said to a Boston critic the other evening, as cited by the *Boston Herald*: "The opera that I like best is *Faust*, because it is music that I can understand. Why, I immediately retained the air, *Je voudrais bien savoir quel etatit ce jeune homme, Si c'est un grand seigneur et comment il se nomme.*" "But," observed our critic, "That is not an air, it is always the same note." "Oh," the amateur replied, "that may be possible, but how pretty that note is! No one but Gounod could have found it."

It is these numerous differences in the manner of understanding music which give rise, apropos of musical works, to judgments of which we have seen some curious examples recently, even among professional writers, some of whom would perhaps be much embarrassed if called on suddenly to sing the air, "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman?" in an agreeable way.

Now, the fact of the matter is, in all of us, in the depths of ourselves, sleeps a songster who awakens only under certain influences—music, poesy, art, a murmured word, a surprised regard, a special pressure of the hand—and just as there are not two faces alike, so, according to individuals is the sensibility of this chanterelle infinitely variable. The important thing is to possess one, and to listen to its song when it speaks to us.

Undoubtedly the striking thought of some of us during the past fortnight was that while there may be grand prime donne now, there were also great divas and great cantatrices in the good old days; and if we recall some of those with some of these, some of the old with some of the new, the advantage will not be wholly and completely on the side of the charming creatures who are leaving us to-day in search of other audiences to captivate, in search of other cities to take by storm.

"There were giants in those days"—a trite expression perhaps, but, oh, how true of singers who were on the lyric stage during the earlier years of this century! There were grand singers in the world of music long before the father of the oldest artist in Boston the past two weeks was born, and the names of some of them are as familiar as any of those programmed so frequently in the season just terminated. I have only to mention Cornelia Falcon, Sontag, Pasta, Malibran, Guila Grisi, Rosina Stoltz, Fanny Pernici, Dorus-Gras, Anna Thillon, Alboni, Jenny Lind, Piccolomini, Anna de la Grange, Viardot, Laborde, Parepa-Rosa, Ilma di Murska and Anna Bishop as a few of those who could be cited were it necessary to prove my statement.

The very printing of their names will give a tolerably

fair idea of the divas whose operatic reputations extend back almost for fourscore years, as the oldest of them was born in 1805.

THE TRIUMPHS OF PASTA.

Now it is the fashion, in view of la Melba's numerous triumphs, for her enthusiastic admirers—as it is the fashion also for the admirers of Mme Nordica—not only to proclaim one or the other without a rival, but to immolate all the illustrious cantatrices of the past at her pretty feet, and in this worship, or in part of it, I am perhaps as ardent as any other man. But a sense of fair play has sometimes impelled me to cry "Halt, there!" For when we have put on our thinking cap, and have recalled past glories, we shall not be ashamed, while giving Nordica, Melba, Calvé or Saville their proper due, to insist that there were indeed some glorious singers in the good old days of our grandparents.

We do not speak often enough of those who long since disappeared, and I am glad to have this occasion to relate here some of the superb and triumphant vibrations which divas of the past produced. Take Pasta, "la Milanaise," as she was called, whose infinite art and tenacious will made of an unequal and heavy soprano voice the most astonishing instrument ever known in the musical firmament. One evening this grand chanteuse, who had been marvelously giving the heroic grandeur of her rôle of *Tancrede*, was finishing in tears the famous air "O patria, dolce e engrata patria," when Talma, the greatest French tragedian, jumped from the stalls up onto the stage, and, throwing himself at her feet, loudly proclaimed her an artist without an equal. For at least thirty years la Pasta filled Europe with the echoes of her triumphs, the sound of her glory and the accents of a voice that was divinely melodious, and then she retired to private life.

And there was Sontag, as *Donna Anna*, the like of whom the master composer himself never so much as dreamed of for the heroine of his immortal *Don Giovanni*. After having been in turn an incomparable *Desdemone*, a most exquisite *Rosine* and a *Linda* without parallel, la Sontag, when almost saturated with bravas, preferred suddenly a heraldic crown to the laurel wreaths which she had won and worn as a cantatrice, and she became Countess Rossi. But often did the lady of society regret her stage triumphs, and when, after twenty years of marital existence, disasters overtook the count, she returned to the theatre to at once regain the success of other days. Finally, however, and while in Mexico, she was seized by the cholera when only fifty-one years old. If I say only, it is because it is less than the age of Mme. Patti, if all reports are true.

A MONSTER BENEFIT.

I once heard the late M. Vacquerie, dean of Paris journalists, telling of a performance he attended at the Theater Italien in 1829 or 1830, when la Sontag, la Malibran and la Damoreau were all three on the program. On that occasion this trio of cantatrices sang the *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, of Cimaroso, for the benefit of the Paris poor, and the receipts that night amounted to over \$30,000.

Then there was Falcon, la grande Falcon, as she was spoken of, and whose name will live for ever in operatic annals, because it now signifies a particular kind of voice, talent or employment.

Cornelia Falcon was the daughter of a Paris tradesman; she made her début at the Académie Royale in 1832, as *Alice* in Robert le Diable, and which rôle she repeated eleven times—something quite unusual in those days. Her appearance on that first night was a startling revelation to operagoers; and there are old men in Paris who talk of it yet, as though they were present at the time, but very likely they got their impressions from their parents. Grace, distinction, modesty, sculptural beauty, splendor of voice, dramatic intelligence—all these the débutante possessed to an unheard of degree. The incomparable

metal of her soprano voice, joined to the passion of her playing, made her rôle of *Rachel* in *La Juive* and of *Valentine* in *Les Huguenots* never-to-be-forgotten creations, while her singing of *Mathilde* in *William Tell* and of *Donna Anna* in *Don Juan* was the talk of tout Paris.

It was sixty-odd years ago when Falcon created the rôle of *Rachel*, and this was soon followed by that of *Valentine*—the part so superbly sung by Mme. Nordica the other night in Mechanics' Hall; and then this vestal of art, this favorite of Meyerbeer, quit the lyric stage for three years. When she made her reappearance, and that, too, as *Rachel*, it was a cruel deception for the public which had assembled to do her honor, for the once pure organ had become rough and rugged, the admirable voice was no longer there. Her last appearance took place in March, 1839, and a more painful and unavailing struggle of art against nature was perhaps never witnessed. All that human energy could do was done; the most desperate efforts to bring back a remnant of the once magnificent vocal sounds were made, but in vain. The audience tried to encourage her with hearty applause, but the artist could not deceive herself, and, bursting into tears, she dragged herself from the stage, leaving the public who had idolized her to grieve over the sudden loss of their preferred cantatrice. La Falcon quit Paris forever, went to live in a far off corner of Russia, and was heard of no more by her old admirers.

MALIBRAN AND SONTAG.

To name Malibran is to recall to every musical amateur or professional the death of that genial diva, who had already won the admiration of the whole world at the early age of twenty-eight years. Admirably gifted from all points of view, la Malibran possessed beyond all else that "voix du cœur que seule au cœur arrive." Her father, Manuel Garcia, married her off at seventeen to a ruined rascal, who had already passed the age of fifty.

The duel between Malibran and Sontag is a part of lyric history, and in those days the struggle made a great noise. The former fought with fine passion and soul, the latter with a better measured skill. One evening they were engaged to sing at the same soirée, and then and there the two rivals fell into each other's arms, vanquished, both of them, by the perfection of their art. After having wedded in second marriage the celebrated violinist Charles de Beriot, la Malibran died from the effects of a fall from her saddle horse, her injuries being aggravated by an impatience to get back onto the lyric stage.

It is impossible to overlook Mme. Viardot, sister to Malibran, and whose mezzo soprano voice, sweet and penetrating, interpreted the music of Gluck with so much suavity. Nor must I forget Alboni, whose marvelous contralto voice came from a chest so large that some one said of her she was "an elephant which had swallowed a nightingale." And there were Stoltz, La Grange, Jenny Lind and all those others whom I have already named.

Mme. Stoltz was a remarkable artist. In addition to a good figure, with expressive countenance, she possessed a voice that extended from contralto to soprano. As a dramatic singer she was without a rival, while as a tragic actress she was inferior to *Rachel* alone. So completely did she identify herself with the character she represented that oftentimes her strength was overtaxed, and more than once after the curtain had fallen did she faint away.

Her personation of *Fenella* in *La Muette de Portici* was pronounced faultless, and an anecdote is related with reference to the truth of her acting.

A deaf man was present one evening during a performance of *Charles VI*. Being entirely deprived of hearing, he had no means of understanding the plot except by the gestures and movements of the artist; so, taking a pencil, he endeavored, as far as he could, to put on paper the different characters in the opera, and when the curtain dropped he handed his note book to a friend, who read there a most acceptable account of Stoltz's part.

The daughter of a concierge—Rosine Stoltz—superb

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incarnation of *Leonore* in *La Favorite*—lived an adventurous life, the incidents in which are more striking and curious than anything to be found in sensational novels nowadays. In turn she was a duchess, fortune teller, princess and cantatrice, from time to time. Then, like Falcon, she disappeared, and no one ever knew what became of her.

GRISI THE SUPERB.

Julia Grisi, a sweet siren, was born at Milan early in the present century, and it was she who followed Malibran at the Paris Salle Favart. After that her reputation became world wide, her name was mentioned in the same breath with those of Catalini, Pasta and Sontag, and her only rival as *Norma* in the opera of that name was Anna de la Grange, who was ten years or so her junior on the lyric stage. Mme. de la Grange was admirable in whatever part she undertook, either as the haughty *Semiramide*, as *Lucretia Borgia* or as *Donna Anna*, but as *Norma* she was sublime. There are those now living in Boston who still remember her utterance of that last reproach addressed to the faithless Roman:

"Qual cor tradisti,
Qual cor perdesti!"

For love, hatred, jealousy, despair, every passion that can be supposed to have agitated the heart of the neglected priestess, were all concentrated in that final appeal as sung by Anna de la Grange in the United States more than forty years ago. I believe that it is Madame Melba's intention to study the opera of *Norma*, with view to appearing in it next season. The other day she told me this at the Brunswick Hotel, and was kind enough to ask my opinion of such a step. Undoubtedly she would be excellent as the priestess, but I should prefer to hear her in *Martha*. If ever she does sing in Flotow's work, her Last Rose of Summer will "fetch the audience" as they were never fetched before.

But it must be stated that, with few exceptions, those of the grand old singers named who came to America did not always do so in the full flower of their youth or while their voices were at their best. The vocal cords of Grisi were much impaired, so the record has it, before her arrival on our shores, but this does not contradict the fact that she was once upon a time as great as any prima donna of the present day.

Nor must the divas of the grand combination of song birds which Maurice Grau has so securely caged for himself and partners suppose that the furor which welcomed their appearance in North America is at all a new sport in this country. There was no more of "calmness of enjoyment" among the Gothamites in the good old days than there was a month or so ago, when la Calvé and la Melba and la Nordica and la Saville captured New York society so completely.

No, the furor over these charming cantatrices, and for every one of whom I have profound admiration, is not one whit more than that which welcomed Malibran, Sontag, Anna Thillon, La Grange or Jenny Lind, whose unfortunate marriage here in Boston is not yet forgotten, by any means. It was after these that Titians, Patti, Clara Louise Kellogg, Christine Nilsson, Lucca, Gerster, Parepa-Rosa, Ilma de Murska, Albani, Fursch-Madi, Jennie Van Zandt, Rose Herssee, Pappenheim, &c., were the great singers who were worshipped by society and welcomed everywhere throughout the country. Now, the position of these prime donne, brilliant though it is, was always a source of great anxiety, not only to their friends, but to that generous hearted public which seems forever determined to adulate artists of every class and kind. Altogether too much was made of them, just as too much is being made of those now in the United States. It is a fact that special performances are constantly given in honor of prime donne, whereas no tenor, baritone nor bass is ever thought worthy of any such attention.

Of all the numerous tenors who have appeared in our country there is perhaps not more than one or two whom the public would go especially to hear, and perhaps not to them as they go to hear the sopranis.

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The Great HALIR writes:

Herr ARTHUR ABELL ist seit fünf Jahren mein Schüler und empfiehle ich denselben als Violinlehrer auf das Wärmste, namentlich für Solche, die später bei mir Unterricht zu haben wünschen.

BERLIN, Juni 1896. CARL HALIR.

[Translat on.]
Mr. ARTHUR ABELL has been my pupil for five years, and I recommend him highly as violin teacher, especially for those who wish to have instruction with me later on.

CARL HALIR,

First Professor Berlin Royal High School and
Concertmeister Berlin Royal Orchestra.

BERLIN, June, 1896.

Neither the managers nor anyone else need be blamed for this. The prime donne artists are simply better artists than the tenors, baritones and basses, and their striking pre-eminence in existing operatic troupes is not an affair of to-day, but has been a fact from the earliestlyric times. It is only necessary to glance at no matter what history of the opera to see that for one favorite basso, for two favorite baritones and for three favorite tenors there have been a dozen favorite prime donne; yes more than that. At one time and another considerable enthusiasm has been called forth by the singing of certain tenors, but none of them have ever attained the supreme bliss of causing such bitter animosity, such deadly feuds, as those which raged between the partisans of Faustina and Cuzzoni, of Malibran and Sontag, of Patti and Nilsson, and between other sopranos and contraltos who might be named.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE SINGERS?

This coup d'œil thrown on the past has suggested, in spite of me, the somewhat melancholy question of where are all those artists now, and how did they finish their artistic careers and their private existence?

It is a very startling question, and I could easily write answers enough to fill several pages of this great newspaper. The question will repeat itself, What becomes of all the human song birds? One day we hear of their début, a trial which happens at the hour when they are just blooming forth, young, pretty and playful. It may be in Paris, in Milan, in Brussels, in Stockholm; no matter where it may be, tout le monde crowds into the opera house to see and hear them, and to give them encouragement if they show themselves deserving of encouragement. They appear on a stage illuminated by the sunlight of gas jets or electric lamps, they sing, and before the curtain can be lowered a rain of flowers falls at their feet and they are applauded to the skies.

The next day there begins for them an existence full of enchantments. Critics burn incense in the press to their honor, they have houses, carriages, servants in livery. The public takes as much interest in their movements as they do in those who wear royal crowns. They are paid enormous sums of money to deign to sing ten or a dozen times a month, and they are prayed to by the managers as the Greeks worshipped the gods of antiquity. This continues five years, ten years, sometimes twenty or thirty years; nevertheless their triumphs have an ending finally. The winter of age has whitened their heads, or the voice has left its esophagus, and they must take leave of the public if they do not want the public to take leave of them.

Well, then where do they go? Où sont-elles? What has become of the stars which once formed the milky way of the musical firmament in the two hemispheres? Seek everywhere and you will find them with great difficulty.

There is one on the mountain slope of Northern Italy; another is buried alive in the beer and cheese quarter of a German town; a third passes her waiting hours on her knees in the parish church of a French village, and—well, that is all. There was once so many of them, and yet so few are found now; and this, too, mind you, of those to whom a grand talent and a shining beauty gave a double aureole. N'importe, such is the way to immortality.

Some Mistakes of the Provincial Musician.

THE afflictions of the modern music lover in a small town are not always of the kind the intolerable performer and his still more intolerable performance are responsible for, but more frequently arise from the misjudgments of musicians usually credited with better sense. Those misjudgments invariably betray themselves in the too lengthy program of poorly selected and incongruously placed numbers, however graceful may be the efforts to cloak them under the plea of "lots for your money" and "refreshing variety," or in some other way equally as debilitating.

Truly, it is the bane of the provincial lovers of music to be compelled to listen to some classic master-

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pieces executed—literally *executed*, in all its murderous sense—by one who cannot comprehend its language, much less make it intelligible to an audience, but often, almost invariably, such is the "feature" of the average program. Since harmony is the most phonetic of languages and is now so thoroughly and generally understood in its phonetic meaning by the music loving public, to inflict upon an audience such meaningless, machine sewed "pieces" as are now deemed "popular" among that class of musicians branded by that comprehensive epithet "mediocre," is no longer an insult to cultured intelligence, but one aimed directly at patience.

To account for the persistence of performers in so doing is about as easy as to explain the vicious stabs at *variety*, best illustrated in attempts to link a Beethoven sonata with the Sunshine of Paradise Alley in affectionate juxtaposition; but, alas! it is but all too frequently apparent. Almost as wearying an error of judgment is to indulge in a great display of finger jugglery and legerdemain noise in a vain hope of exciting a feeling of wonder in the audience.

We have found these three qualities of error so abundant in the program after program it has been our misfortune to listen to that such programs seem to have become an accepted standard by audiences and tolerated as a necessary evil, and all because of a misconception of human nature. But even though dulled by such outrageous usage, those audiences seem to find their relaxation in a sensitive response to some old standby which somebody has peered into, learned the secret of its meaning, and can make it intelligible to an audience—and at once insists on making it intelligible at every opportunity, to the number of two dozen or more.

Why do not the mediocre, who have to depend upon an audience's favor, pay stricter attention to common sense, study what is adapted to their style of playing and then transform their renditions from mere reveling in sweet sounds to soul-stirring language expression, without fear of any misconception on the part of their listeners and concomitant cold "response," without disdain of the audience's supposed ignorance of harmony (as a science) and musical form?

The sole business of harmony is to discover fit definitions for the things Beethoven did, and the sooner it is rejected as a factor in the "response" of an audience to a performer's efforts, in favor of that deep fund of music which every human being possesses within him, just that much sooner will every soul that loves to listen accept and recognize the true office of music as the only fit expression of what in the soul lies too deep for any other form of language.

Why do not performers who must live on vanity recognize the fact that when they can make a "number" the expression of some morsel from the inner world, they will be achieving the coveted "success"? And when they will look well to the art of their programs with a sharp eye peeled for variety subordinate and subservient to unity, then it will not cost an audience a mental convulsion to listen to the work of people who otherwise make themselves mentally abominable; then incongruous musical ideas will not be forced into the helpless ears of an audience as seidlitz powders in the brain, there to sizzle into disgust with the mediocre and his "efforts."

Let us pray for that millennium-like era when Mr. Mediocre will perceive his possibilities and make his endeavors to grasp them a little more bearable.

J. B. K.

Froehlich School.—The Froehlich School of Music will open its next season September 1, but examinations can be taken at any time. Mr. Severin Froehlich, who has highly flattering testimonials from Anton Seidl and other authorities, personally directs the violin and piano department, and is assisted by a most competent and extensive staff. Mr. Froehlich, a pupil of the conservatories of Leipsic and Paris, established this school after twenty five years' experience as conductor, and many of his pupils have become successful teachers.

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Mme. Eugenie Mantelli.

MME. MANTELLI, whose picture adorns the front page of this issue, is perhaps one of the best contraltos on the operatic stage at the present time.

Her successes this season in London at Covent Garden in rôles in which she had not been heard there previously have added to her reputation as an artist, both as a singer and as an actress.

Mme. Mantelli returns this season with the grand opera company re-engaged by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, Limited, for the Metropolitan Opera House.

Here are a few of her European press notices:

Madame Mantelli, the *Amneris* of the cast, was enthusiastically recalled for her superb vocalization in the last act—a performance which quite reconciled the gods to the long twenty minutes' interval.—*Echo, London, June 11, 1896*.

The revival of *Favorite* was associated with the début of Mme. Mantelli, who has achieved great success during the recent New York season, says the program. The statement is no doubt accurate, and certainly Mme. Mantelli proved worthy of it. The lady has a genuine mezzo soprano, a very rare voice nowadays, of very good quality, fit with much squills for insular ears. She sings the old music according to recognized traditions, seems an able vocalist, and has the precious gift of dramatic accent. The singing of *Leonora's* aria, *O mio Fernando*, and especially the following cabaletta, was distinguished by all the best qualities a refined singer can possess.—*The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, London, May 16*.

Mme. Mantelli, although her true vocation is for more serious parts, proved an admirable *Nancy*, her vocal skill being effectively used in several instances.—*Era, London, June 6, 1896*.

Mme. Mantelli as *Ortrud* sang and acted with far more power than her performance in *La Favorita* on Wednesday had led us to expect. She is evidently a highly gifted artist, possessing a temperament as well as voice and stage experience, and her future career here will be watched with interest.—*The Observer, London, July 17, 1896*.

Mme. Mantelli was excellent in the small but important part of *Maddalena*, her share in the famous quartet, which received the usual encore, being noticeable for the clever way she produced the effect of laughter without loss of musical tone.—*The Globe, London, May 19, 1896*.

Madame Mantelli acted and sang with spirit as *Nancy*.—*The Daily Graphic, London, June 5, 1896*.

Mme. Mantelli as *Nancy* endeavored to be coquettish, but was more successful in her singing.—*Musical News, June 6, 1896*.

Mme. Mantelli, who in *La Favorita* had of course had no opportunity of being vivacious, showed becoming liveliness in the part of *Nancy*.—*The Speaker, London, June 6*.

Mme. Mantelli, with a rich and strong contralto, made in voice manner and appearance as successful and dramatic an *Ortrud* as we ever happen to have seen.—*Echo, London, May 18, 1896*.

F. N. Crouch Dead.

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH, the composer of Kathleen Mavourneen, died suddenly August 18, at Portland, Me., aged eighty-eight years. In early life he was cellist at Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of Stephen Price, and at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, where Mr. Max Maretzki was then engaged.

At the suggestion of the latter, Crouch came with him to New York and played at the old Astor place opera house. On the failure of the company in this city Crouch established himself as a teacher of music at Portland, where he became musical director of the Philharmonic Society. After seven years' work there he went to Washington, where he was director of the choir at St. Matthew's Church, and thence to Richmond, Va., where he remained till the war broke out.

He enlisted in the Richmond Grays and served gallantly through the struggle, but with peace there came to him hard times, and for years he lived in the depths of poverty, till about thirteen years ago he was brought again to notice by the press of Baltimore, and obtained some pupils. This year a subscription was raised for his benefit. The funeral took place at Baltimore, August 23, in Loudon Park Cemetery.

ter. A double quartet, under the direction of Prof. F. X. Hale, sang Kathleen Mavourneen as the casket was being lowered into the grave.

[Crouch is known to the present generation solely as the composer of Kathleen Mavourneen, which at once became popular in England and this country. The sentimentality of the words and the music—a maudlin sentimentality—caught the fancy of the people, and Kathleen Mavourneen was heard in every drawing room and in public resorts where music for the crowd was given and where cockney singers told how "The 'orn of the 'unter his 'eard hon the 'ill." The song, we repeat, is a maudlin production, distinctly of an inferior style, but it chanced to tickle the taste of the public of those days.—EDS. THE MUSICAL COURIER.]

Musicianship.

MONG all the curios that arrest our attention **A** in the way of definitions, perhaps the many and conflicting opinions relative to the precise meaning of "musicianship" are possessed of the most real interest.

What mind has not a prototype, vague though it be, of the typical musician, that magic, mystic name which crowns the wearer with such noble, heaven-born dignity; the name that answers to so many high ideals; that glitters aloft, illumining the way for young ambition; the name which, like virtue, is to prove its own reward.

Is there any one nucleus around which more diverse opinions centre than the standard of musicianship? And is there any one pursuit to which a standard is of more vital importance than to music study? Aimless endeavor has never achieved success—precisely because success was not made the aim of the effort. And what more is success than a more or less perfect attainment of a fixed ideal?

Realizing, then, the necessity of a correct standard in pursuits of any sort, its surplus consequence in the study of music will be manifest, for there is certainly no criterion in all the professions so erroneously understood, so unjustly depreciated as that of true musicianship.

This one sees the exponent of it in a fiery-eyed ecstatic anomaly whose eccentricities, rhapsodical technic, &c., excite the admiration of the world at large. His playing is generally a uniform succession of unwarranted rubato, ritardandos, crescendos, diminuendos and general ad libitum, in preference to such commonplaces as tempo and rhythm. His technic is superb, of course, and the graceful Delsartean wrists and arm gymnastics that attend his execution are truly inspiring. Who would dare augur success to any effort that aims no further than such empty delusions? Yet there are scores of such beings to whom musicianship means nothing more than a far-off realm of ideality and romance.

Again: A performer of more than average technical ability, habitually fond of obtruding on his auditors a series of brilliant, firework compositions, bristling with accidentals and fortissimos from first to last, commands the respect of another mind as the type of musicianship. Unfortunately, this is the current opinion of the world at large. Perhaps the most curious thing about some of our modern concert audiences is the nice discrimination of applause therein evinced. We have attended concerts where a brilliant composition, executed with boisterous dash, and, luckily, at such a pace as to conceal many rudimentary technical deficiencies, was applauded with sufficient clamor to do honor to the first virtuoso of the age, while a really correct and artistic interpretation of a Mozart sonata found no response whatever save a patronizing word or two, a far-off, shadowy suggestion of a clap and such encouraging ejaculations as "He plays well enough, I dare say, but then it is easy to see he has no style," and again, "What a simple little air! Why, my little Gretchen could play that!"

The unanimity of orthodox critical opinion on the subject of the difficulties and facilities of piano execution is

well bodied forth in the words of an eminent artist and critic who says that the most difficult class of music to play is not "the Liszt-Tausig fireworks, but the Haydn and Mozart poems. In the former little more than mere force is requisite, while the restraints imposed by the latter are exhausting to the last degree." Yet in the very teeth of all this, given a certain amount of finger agility and ample scope for displaying it in a brilliant composition, there are those who will term such machine-playing music and the player a musician.

Then there is the class of milk and water dilettanti to whom an unvarying pianissimo touch—uniformly displayed in music of the intensely emotional character—long hair and general abstraction constitute the standard weights and measures of musicianship. Add to this all the vacant sentiment and melancholy that ever hindered musician and you have a fair exponent of the ideal before whom some will bow and worship. Delusions like these are too manifestly ridiculous to merit comment. Ignorance alone, pure and simple, can engender such superficial views of a subject that is so essentially worthy of deep consideration.

It is all very well to dilate on the romantic side of musicianship. We are all wont to borrow a little of poetic charm to deck the shrine of our ideal, and there is no harm in it if such fancies serve the purpose of an extra stimulus to renewed endeavors and perseverance, but en même temps there is no criterion too lofty to descend to facts, cold, hard, practical realities though they be. Musicianship may mean poetry and fire, soul and romance, but it certainly does mean solid study, laborious thinking, the capacity for correct analysis, irreproachable technic, and a certain amount of the most commonplace drudgery.

Viewing musicianship from the poetic standpoint, we cannot deny the beauty of the panorama, yet consider the commonplace labor the very perfection of it has entailed. A royal coronation robe is handsome enough in its entirety, yet what but the ordinary routine of "stitch, stitch, stitch!" could have knit together the scattered stuffs into an exquisitely finished garment? So, musicianship is poetic enough in all its completeness, yet where is the poetry in unremitting daily practice, in careful attention to touch, phrasing, fingering and a score more of "minutiae" that lend themselves so aptly to spin the web of true and broad musicianship? All these are plain, matter of fact requisites, but how many ideals back just such minor requirements? It savors of profanation, we think, to analyze a grand ideal into such matter of fact, everyday elements, but we are too apt to view a standard as one undivided whole instead of combination of distinct parts; we aim at the whole, en masse, in place of its component elements; we stand at the foot of the ladder, gazing longingly at the fair height overhead, scorning meanwhile the commonplace wooden rounds that lead up to it.

Our effort is, as a rule, too hurried to brook any obstacle. Do not hurry—do not pock. Both courses are alike fatal to perseverance. Drink in the spirit if not the letter of the old proverb—"festina lente"—and hasten slowly.

Establish a new ideal or reanimate your old one. Make of it, not a passive motto, but a living, active agent that

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"If all his work is as fine as the first specimen given, he may have one or two equals, but no superiors."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

"As for technic! Whew! How those terrible thirds and sixths went! The effect upon the audience was electric; the pianist was recalled seven times."—*Boston Transcript*.

"He made an unmistakable conquest of his audience, which applauded him with immense fervor at the close of the first and second movements, and when the concerto was ended it broke into a perfect frenzy of plaudits. He was stormily recalled seven times."—*Boston Herald*.



will fire ambition into earnest endeavor and earnest effort into ultimate perseverance. Let it be the intelligent ability of artist, the mind of composer, the wisdom of teacher, and the sound, keen perception of critic merged into one. Be earnest and persevering, for success invariably proportions itself to the quantity and quality of effort.

Recall that music study implies not only synthetic labor, so to speak, but analytical as well. To make a fine robe of fresh new material direct from the merchant's is one thing, but to convert an old one into the same quite another. So, if you have old material to work over, do not spare "ripping" in the process; hard and discouraging though it be, it is equally indispensable.

Weave willingly, attentively, carefully, and almost unconsciously; you will stitch in at the same time patience, perseverance and a dozen more moral virtues, the value of which you will appreciate according as the garment grows beneath your willing hands; and when at last the robe comes forth complete, and its folds fall gloriously around you, each tiny stitch, the cost of so much labor, will find a voice to join with you in the old refrain: *Omnia vincit labor.* —*The Musician.*

Musical Items.

Fannie Hirsch.—At a concert given at the Spring House, Richfield Springs, August 20, Miss Fannie Hirsch sang with great success. The press notices of the concert say:

The usual large and critical audience was present at last evening's concert at the Spring House. Miss Hirsch and Mr. Robinson were the soloists, and both gave extreme pleasure. Miss Hirsch's first selection, an aria from *Tannhäuser*, was most artistically rendered and called for much applause. Her other songs, particularly Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied*, also showed very admirably the power and the flexibility of her voice.

Miss Fannie Hirsch sang with great success at two of the Seidl Society concerts at Brighton Beach just previous to her arrival in Richfield. Miss Hirsch is an artiste of recognized merit, whose presence is always eagerly desired at all of the most distinguished musical gatherings in and near the metropolis.

Mildenberg.—A grand concert tendered to the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hunter, N. Y., will be given in the church Friday evening, August 28, by Mr. Albert Mildenberg, director of the department of music of Castle Ladies' Seminary, Tarrytown, N. Y., assisted by Miss A. Haynes, Miss Josephine Mildenberg, Mr. Victor Mildenberg, Mr. W. H. Clark and the Mozart Trio Club. The concert bids fair to be an immense success socially, artistically and financially.

Heinberg.—Miss Amelia Heinberg appeared August 9, 12 and 14 in the concerts at the Spring House, Richfield Springs. The local press in its notices of the performance says of the first concert:

A program of unusual excellence and of rare musical worth was given last evening in the Spring House parlor. It was notable for the first appearance of Miss Amelia Heinberg, a young pianist of extraordinary talent, whose fame had already preceded her. Of Miss Heinberg it is but just to say that from the standard of virtuosity no such piano playing has been heard in Richfield for many seasons past. In fact, it is difficult to speak with moderation of this young artist's exceptional gifts, which have ripened and developed to complete fruition under the guidance of the ablest European masters during years of arduous and persistent study.

Respecting the last concert, August 14, the critic writes:

The piano playing of Miss Heinberg has already been commented upon at some length in these columns. Added words of

praise could only be a repetition of what has already been said concerning her remarkable talent. Her selections of last evening afforded ample scope for a display of technical proficiency that was fairly dazzling in its brilliancy and precision. The two pieces by Moszkowski were faultlessly played in respect to style and interpretation; while the great Rhapsodie No. 12, of Liszt, with its difficult finger work and fiery cadenzas, was superbly executed, and revealed the young performer's individuality in a new and striking light. Rarely indeed does such temperament exist, even in older and more experienced artists.

Dora Valesca Becker.—Miss Dora Valesca Becker lately played in connection with the New York Ladies' Trio at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, Mt. Gretna, Pa., and is now staying for a short rest at Swatara, Pa., at the beautiful country estate of Mrs. Bolsbaugh, née Theodora Pfafflin.

Mary H. Burnham.—The last musical of the series inaugurated at Greenacre, on the Piscataquias, Me., took place August 8. The Greenacre *Voice* in expressing its regrets at the termination of the series writes:

Miss Burnham is an accomplished pianist. Her masterly interpretations, exquisite technic and phrasing, make her playing a delight. She has brought to us this summer only artists: Miss Lila Juel, of Sweden, whose fine soprano voice was heard for the first time in Greenacre last summer; the Misses Reynolds, whose violin and 'cello playing gave much pleasure; Mr. Carl Hugo Engel, of New York, a member of the Philharmonic, and a soloist of merit; Mr. George Claudio, also of New York, who combines the rare gift of a sweet tenor voice with most artistic 'cello playing.

Miss Burnham's music school has also been an important addition to the Greenacre possibilities.

Lena Doria Devine.—Lena Doria Devine has been the singing "summer girl" at Islip, L. I., Bay Shore, and adjacent towns during the season. Her first appearance in a concert at the Parish House, Islip, for the benefit of Central Islip's Church of the Messiah, called forth the most favorable comments from both public and press. Other occasions to hear her followed. She sang to a large congregation at St. Mark's Church, W. K. Vanderbilt's generous donation to Islip, and on July 30 Mme. Devine was tendered a concert, also held at the Parish House.

Mme. Devine was fairly besieged to sing at churches and benefits at adjoining towns, everywhere winning the heartiest and sincerest praise; she will sing next Sunday for the patients at the Manhattan State Hospital at Central Islip, where her husband, Dr. C. M. Meyer, is a member of the staff of physicians. Here are some press notices:

All who were present will remember with the greatest pleasure the musical feature of the evening, the singing of Lena Doria Devine. She sang Delibes' *Maids of Cadiz*, Bonnie Sweet *Bessie* and other ballads in a manner that called out the enthusiasm of the audience and the earnestly expressed wish that there may be other opportunities of hearing her exquisite and perfectly cultivated voice. —*Bay Shore Journal*, June 6, 1896.

The concert given at the Parish House last Thursday evening by Mme. Devine was a delightful entertainment. So much has been said of Mme. Devine's prestige as a singer that one naturally had great expectations of her power to please. Her singing could not have failed to more than satisfy the most critical. Her first number, Delibes' *Maids of Cadiz*, gave her opportunity to show skillful execution and the wonderful control over her voice. Especially noticeable was her beautiful trill. Her voice filled the hall with pure

FROM PARIS.

Concert and Church Singer.

MISS ANNA RUTH BRADLEY,

Graduate of Chicago Musical College. Paris: Mme. De la Grange. Italian Method. Songs and Arias in Four Languages. Address CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE, Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill.

notes of vibrant strength, and won the hearts of the audience with soft, exquisitely modulated legato strains. —*Islip Herald*, August 5, 1896.

At the evening service at Christ Church, Brentwood, L. I., the offertory was sung last Sunday by Madame Doria Devine most admirably, and the anthem was sung by her pupil, Miss Rosa Elsner, whose remarkable voice attracted considerable attention. —*Bay Shore Journal*, August 22, 1896.

E. S. Kelley.—At the evening concert, Friday, August 21, of the Seidl Society at Brighton Beach a new suite by E. S. Kelley was successfully performed. It is entitled Aladdin, and consists of five movements: (a) At the Wedding of Aladdin and the Princess. (b) In the Royal Pear Garden. Serenade. (c) The Flight of the Genii with the Palace. (d) The Return. Feast of Lanterns.

Alexander Lambert.—Mr. Alexander Lambert announces that the New York College of Music will reopen on Tuesday September 1. Among those added to the faculty are Messrs. E. B. Munger and Varri Stefanski, both pianists from Berlin, Germany.

Roselle.—Miss Fleding C. Roselle, the favorite young contralto, was the soloist at Sousa's concerts at Manhattan Beach, Saturday and Sunday, 13th and 16th inst. To say that the audiences were charmed with the delightful singing of her several selections barely expresses the enthusiasm which greeted each appearance.

Miss Moyer.—At a concert given at the Bancroft House, Stamford, Miss Moyer sang two solos, one by Traus and one by d'Hardelet, that "fairly set the audience wild with delight."

Januschowsky.—Mme. Georgine von Januschowsky-Neuendorff, with her talented little son, is spending a few weeks at Heidenfeld, Griffin's Corners, N. Y., with Mr. M. B. Richards.

Leon Keach.—Mr. Leon Keach, well known as the reader for Oliver Ditson & Co., and as a composer, died at Boston August 16. He was for some years manager of the Montana Opera Company.

Marie Wichmann.—At a testimonial recital given to the office staff of the new Mathewson Hotel, Narragansett Pier, August 18, Miss Marie Wichmann, contralto, was received with great favor. Other features of the program were a violin solo by Nahan Franko and songs by Heinrich Meyn.

Worcester Musical Festival.—Under the head of Boston MUSIC NOTES this paper printed two weeks ago all the information to hand on the coming festival. The list of artists has just been completed by the engagement of Mrs. Eleanore Meredith for the soprano rôle in *The Messiah*. Mrs. Meredith has an enviable reputation as a soprano and her work in the festival is awaited with interest.

Da Gogora Hera.—Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, the French baritone, of the Opéra Comique, Paris, has arrived in New York under engagement to Messrs. Ruben & Andrews for a number of concerts and musicals. He will appear at the end of this month in Newport in musicals given by Senator Calvin Brice and other prominent society people.



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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

No. 860.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1896.

The London MUSICAL COURIER is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W. London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of THE MUSICAL COURIER of New York, devotes special attention to music and trade matters throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

Specimen copies, subscriptions and advertising rates can be obtained by addressing the London office, or

THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,
Union Square, West,
New York City.

OUR opinion regarding the Malcolm Love piano has been asked many times by dealers. The best answer to such queries we have found is "Try it." We know of nothing to change our opinion regarding this piano, and our answer to such queries is "Try it."

THE Aeolian Company has been preparing for a fall trade, and has now in stock some of the handsomest cases ever seen. Noted as the Aeolian Company is for its art cases, some of the stock now fairly drives one to do homage to the company's artistic taste.

A NUMBER of firms will be ready for new styles for the fall trade. Some of the casework shown to us is very effective and combines the most modern ideas with the best of taste. At least seven of the larger firms will have new upright styles ready, but in each case we are requested to defer special notice until later. The firms are all anxious first to deplete their old stock.

SOME Marshall & Wendell pianos that have lately come under our notice, as well as under our fingers, are certainly worthy of the old name on their fallboards. It is the object of the present management of this institution to make the name Marshall & Wendell more revered, and this is on the correct lines of the piano business, where much depends on keeping a name, that has stood for years, honest.

GENERAL ESTEY was in command of the Vermont State Camp which was held last week at Burlington. A large body of Vermont militia was encamped, and the Governor of the State, as well as the usual dignitaries who were present, made the occasion a brilliant one. The two sons of General Estey are also officers in the Vermont militia and were present attending to their duties. THE MUSICAL COURIER paid a visit to the camp and also met Colonel Hall, of Bailey's Music House, Burlington, who is one of the Governor's staff. Prior to the encampment General Estey visited the summer residence of Mr. J. B. Simpson at Sagamore, a most delightful spot on Lake George where Mr. Simpson always spends his summer.

IF you ask R. W. Blake about business he will dodge the question, and when pressed will say, "It does not look good in these times to say you are busy, but come up and see for yourself." A visit to Derby, Conn., will convince the most skeptical of the solidity of the trade of the Sterling Company, and refreshes one in spirit with the knowledge that there is good business in this world and that the Sterling Company has it.

DOESN'T every intelligent man in the trade know that Story & Clark are bound to make a commercial and artistic success with such a piano as they are making? Isn't it a source of pride to the whole Western piano trade that such a piano can be made and is made in Chicago? Business is bound to be done this fall, and we are willing to bet that the orders at Story & Clark's will be double as large as the capacity of production. This is sure to be the case.

MORE misstatements of the New York *Sun*, which in its Sunday edition said that Chicago is the leader in the manufacture of musical instruments. Outside of pianos Chicago is the leader, because the Lyon & Healy factory is located there, but New York is still the chief piano making centre of the Union. Whether this position will be maintained many years is questionable, for the statistics show that Chicago is gaining in percentage, whereas New York is losing—and steadily.

GEORGE STECK & CO. received a letter from a party in Maine last week asking about a Steck concert grand that he possessed, and stating that the tone was satisfactory, but that the action rattled, and asking what would be the best procedure to have it put in order. Steck & Co. wrote, requesting the number, thinking that by knowing its age they could better advise regarding the repairs. The number was sent in, and to their surprise they found that the instrument was over 30 years old.

A piano which has done duty for 30 years is entitled to a retirement, and the best repair under the circumstances will be a new Steck grand.

EO. P. BENT is expected home early in September. He will probably land here on a Saturday morning, receive scores of waiting supply men, dealers and friends, do a Mark Hanna business, embark for Chicago Saturday afternoon, arrive in Chicago and be at his desk hours before any of his employés are down. Bent never wastes time, that's why he has been so successful. Mr. Bent's object in going to Europe, it will be remembered, was to seek rest, with a little business on the side. From all reports he has, as usual, reversed this, getting a good deal of business with a little rest on the side.

The going and coming on a slow steamer is a good thing for Mr. Bent. On board ship the tremendous energy of the man receives the correct curb, but were it not for the fact that he is usually tired out when he goes abroad, the monotony of the time would weigh so heavily on him that it would cause a physical shock or he would cause others a shock

by jumping overboard. "A worker possessed of brains, even though he has everything against him, must succeed." Bent has proven this.

MR. LOUIS BACH, of Kranich & Bach, who has been traveling in the western country, is expected home to-day.

Mr. Felix Kraemer, the traveling representative of Kranich & Bach, returned on Monday from his vacation, which has been spent among the Thousand Islands and in Canada. Mr. Kraemer is in excellent health and has had an enjoyable time.

IT is reported in the trade that Messrs. Mason & Hamlin contemplate a significant move, which will affect both the wholesale and retail departments of their business.

It is the removal of their wholesale headquarters to New York city, to be incorporated with the branch now running, with a probable selection of a new location for the offices and warerooms here. If the move be accomplished it is also reported that the retail business of the concern will be conducted in Boston hereafter by Chandler W. Smith.

THE Autoharp is of exceptional commercial value, because it sells in what is ordinarily a dull season, namely, the summer months. This feature is, of course, highly appreciated by the retailer, who finds the ennui of a long period of inactivity somewhat relieved by possessing an article of sale which is frequently called for and disposed of. The Autoharp is proving to be this article, both in the domestic and foreign trade, as evinced by the steady receipt of orders for prompt shipment which are being received by Alfred Dolge & Son, the general sales agents, of this city.

HE Blasius Piano Company is continually seeking to improve its product, and one need at no time be startled at hearing of some innovation. Levin Blasius "neither slumbers nor sleeps" when engaged on some new stop, some new method of action regulation, or some new system of mechanical piano construction. He has been known to spend weeks in his factory, his meals being sent to him in his experimenting room, the interior of which very few ever see.

All of this apropos of the season of dullness and the approaching time that Levin Blasius has something to say.

WE are very sorry indeed that Mr. Silas in his letter that appears in to-day's issue, as will be seen, has become so intensely personal, and has made statements which he naturally cannot find corroborated. We had hoped that he would send in abstract arguments on the gold-silver controversy, but he speaks of piano men and firms and of this paper and other papers most recklessly, and we are afraid that we shall be obliged to desist from publishing any more letters from that source if they are written in a similar spirit. Interesting enough, to be sure, this letter may appear to many, but those referred to may hesitate before agreeing that this is so.

HIGH POTHESIS.

IT was last Thursday that a piano which was about to be removed from an upper story of a Boston dwelling fell to the sidewalk and came very near hitting some of the movers. The old block and tackle was used and the rope was fastened around a chimney. Now, in all the days of piano moving no one has found a substitute for the block and tackle, which is a combination as old as the screw of Archimedes. Why not? Because the block and tackle system is the best, as is shown by the uninterrupted success of the system for one hundred years in America. It has survived because it contains all the elements of fitness: power, practicability and safety.

But suppose one of the men had been killed, to whom would the family have looked for damages? Ah, that depends. If the piano had been the property of the owner (that sounds like a paradox; but really a piano need not necessarily be the property of the owner; a piano, you know, is a queer thing), well, if the piano had been the property of the owner who was having it removed from one location to another, the damage might have fallen upon him, as the piano might have fallen on the man, but didn't.

If the piano was removed by a piano man because the party who held it did not pay, say, his first instalment (sometimes this happens, you know, in the piano trade, about three months after delivery), why, then it is an open question "who pays?" Would it be the piano man, the would-be buyer, or the owner of the block and tackle?

Or was it a rented piano? Then the question becomes more simplified, although the written order to remove it may make the party who rented it liable.

However, here is a smashed piano. Dough and Do Re Mi; a neat combination. Smashed to pulp only? Or whose action? Who made the keyboard? Sign in a Boston piano window:

GREAT PIANO

This piano while being removed by Cook's Piano Brigade from the residence of Hon. B— B—, the ex-shortstop of the original Boston Base Ball Nine, fell 9 stories and hurt nobody. Building 1400 Bunker Hill ave., 12.30 August 20, 1896. Its insides were not hurt a particle. Better than knew. Only damaged on the outside slightly. Original price \$750. Will be sold at sacrifice. Duplicates Inside. No charge to show goods.

Latest reports state that the sounding board is absolutely intact and that the piano is not even out of tune, and that one of the movers who plays piano (all of Cook's men are experts) tried it before they tried it up, and found that it was then out of tune. A meeting of Boston tuners will probably be called to protest against the new method of tuning pianos.

END OF THE SUMMER.

WITH the beginning of next week we end the summer spell, and merchants and manufacturers will cast about to see what arrangements can be made for business this fall.

The summer trade has been exceedingly dull, just as dull as during every summer, and just as dull as during summers in Presidential election years, and no duller. The monotonous acclaim of bad times has been heard through the land in the piano trade for three months steadily now, but seventeen annual volumes of this paper will show that editorials just like this one have been on tap each summer of these past seventeen years, and old members of the trade remember them for twenty, thirty and forty-seven years. It is and has been the same old summer story.

Now then, the heated period of the year being substantially over, why not go ahead and do a little sensible planning and get the house in order for the still on hand. Cohen & Co. were the attorneys for Craw-

ford & Cox, and are made defendants with them as well as Alexander C. Fraser, the firm's bookkeeper.

Smith & Nixon.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, assignee of Smith & Nixon, by order of the Insolvency Court of Hamilton County, Ohio, will offer at public sale, in lots to suit purchasers, in the salesrooms, located at Nos. 10 and 12 East Fourth street, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. Friday, September 4, the entire stock of pianos and organs and other chattels of said firm of Smith & Nixon, located in said rooms. Also, 1,000 shares, of \$100 each, common stock of the Smith & Nixon Piano Manufacturing Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Ohio. A complete list of the make and numbers of said pianos and organs, and any other information, will be furnished upon application, by letter or in person, to the undersigned. The sale of the stock in the Smith & Nixon Piano Manufacturing Company will be made subject to the confirmation of the Insolvency Court.

D. D. WOODMANSEE,
Assignee of Smith & Nixon.

D. D. WOODMANSEE, Attorney.

The above notice, which has been forwarded to the creditors of the defunct firm of Smith & Nixon (Crawford, Ebersole & Smith), and which has also been published in the Cincinnati daily papers, would indicate that the Insolvency Court has set aside a previous ruling by Judge McNeil, under which Assignee Woodmansee was authorized to sell the assets of Smith & Nixon at private sale.

Who has forced this new action is not known in New York, or at least is not made public up to the time of THE MUSICAL COURIER closing its last forms. The sale of the shares of stock held by Smith & Nixon (Crawford, Ebersole & Smith), or rather the assignee of that firm in the Smith & Nixon Piano Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, will be watched with interest.

It will be remembered that the investigation into the assets and liabilities of Smith & Nixon, which was instituted several months ago by several banks and Messrs. Steinway & Sons, was interrupted by the summer vacations of the courts, but we are informed that it will be resumed about the middle of September; in other words, within a fortnight.

This forced auction sale will compel a recognition of actual values, both on the stock and other ownings or holdings of the assignee, and it is thought will greatly expedite the examination. A full and detailed report of it will appear in these columns.

THE Merrill piano is one of the pianos that will be distinctly "in the swim" this fall. No pains are being spared in keeping the Merrill up to its high grade, the present management realizing that they have a reputation to maintain and are prepared to maintain it. The Merrill will be more and more a competitor for high honors.

CALVIN WHITNEY, president of the A. B. Chase Company, has been attracting a great deal of attention lately owing to his political utterances and writings; but Calvin Whitney can talk the rest of the campaign and he will not attract as much attention as the A. B. Chase piano will. Opinions may be divided upon the expediency of an unlimited silver currency, but there is but one opinion on the A. B. Chase piano among the A. B. Chase dealers. No repudiation among them.

M. ROBT. M. WIDENMANN, of Strich & Zeidler, will leave New York Saturday next for Syracuse to attend the convention of the National Democratic Party, which is the sound money body, lately known as the Reformed Democracy. Mr. Widenmann is chairman of the State committee and predicted before the result of the late Chicago Convention that there would be a third ticket in the field. His prediction is about to be realized. Mr. Widenmann is one of those outspoken men the position of whom is always known. And "Bob" is a fighter, too, and is respected for his prowess. Mr. Widenmann may go to the Indianapolis Convention, and will go from there on his usual early fall Western trip for his house.

THERE were two reported failures in New York last week, the reports of which were traced directly to one source, a supply man who will doubtless know more when he has grown older and has had opportunity to lose still more money. It would not be inappropriate at this juncture, when everyone realizes the necessity of upholding confidence—but that he is too ridiculous for serious consideration is shown by the remarkable discovery that he made on Monday last to wit: That he couldn't put the sheriff in charge of a factory until he had obtained a judgment. When the young man realized this he withdrew his positive statement as to the failure of the two houses, and the foolish gossip ceased.

Weser Brothers.

SOME changes in the office staff of Weser Brothers have taken place during the past week. Particulars will be given later.

Mr. John Weser has gone to his summer home in Sullivan County for a few days.

The Weser clan will gather about September 1 at the factory in Forty-third street; and then look out for a driving fall business.

Mr. Mann III.

M R. J. MANN, of Mann & Eccles, Providence, was taken ill with typhoid pneumonia on Wednesday last while in the city on business. He was made comfortable at the Hotel Bartholdi and medical attendance summoned. His condition on Monday last was favorable and it was thought that he was in a fair way for speedy recovery.

A Catalogue of Old Violins.

AUGUST GEMÜNDER & SONS have recently compiled a list of ancient violins which are in their stock, consisting of violins, violas and 'cellos of Italian, German and French masters.

The list comprises over 100 instruments, many of them valuable and rare. They have been selected with care, and are for the consideration of artists, professional and amateur, who desire to exchange or purchase instruments for their own use or to recommend to pupils or friends.

Chase & Smith.

MONG papers of incorporation last week was granted the following by the Secretary of State:

The Chase & Smith Company, of Syracuse, to deal in pianos and other musical instruments and sheet music. Capital, \$50,000; directors, Austin C. Chase, C. A. Smith, H. M. Chase, F. K. Smith and S. B. Chase, of Syracuse.

This is the sequence to the move outlined in THE MUSICAL COURIER before the failure of the concern of Chase & Smith.

For some time a settlement has been in progress and the merchandise creditors signed for 50 cents on the dollar. The banks held the matter back, it is alleged, waiting for a better figure. Mr. Henry M. Chase was in town Monday and completed the plan of a settlement of the old indebtedness.

In the new deal all the Chases are interested, as is Mr. Smith. The meeting of the stockholders will be held next week, at which time the following officers will probably be elected: H. M. Chase, president; G. K. Barnes, of the Smith & Barnes Piano Company, Chicago, vice-president, and Austin C. Chase, secretary and treasurer.

In the new concern the father of Henry M. Chase will be a stockholder, as will the Smith & Barnes Piano Company, of Chicago.

Estey & Camp Affairs.

M R. EDWARD N. CAMP was East last week looking at some property and having a general talk about the future with the Estneys. It has been decided that Gen. Julius J. Estey will go to Chicago the second week in September, and at that time the future of Estey & Camp will be settled. In all probability it will be adjusted, as formerly stated in THE MUSICAL COURIER, with E. N. Camp, president; Gen. Julius J. Estey, vice-president, and William Carpenter Camp, secretary and treasurer. The Camp & Co. piano will probably be continued, although the matter is not given out as officially settled.

A Muehlfeld & Haynes Auction.

IT will be remembered that when the assignment of Muehlfeld & Haynes was made there were three judgments filed against the concern. Two or three days previous to this assignment the judgment of Davenport & Treacy had been satisfied.

These three judgments were as follows: Edward Germain, East Saginaw, Mich., amount \$1,600; J. Looschen, Paterson, N. J., amount \$2,000, and Francis Ramaciotti, New York, amount \$250. At the time of the assignment these creditors were alleged to have agreed to go in with the other creditors and take their chances. Then came the appointment of a receiver, Mr. Spellman, and the legal fight over the matter has not as yet been settled. There are an assignee and a receiver now, but the assignee has possession.

Last week Mr. Germain determined not to wait, and pressed his claim to the extent that an execution was taken out, and Sheriff Mulhaney sold goods valued at about \$6,000 for \$1,600, and satisfied the claim of Mr. Germain. Some time this or next week, it is stated, Mr. Looschen will do the same, and possibly Mr. Ramaciotti.

As assets of \$6,000 were sacrificed to settle this first claim, the sale of goods to satisfy the two remaining judgments will probably wipe out the remaining assets except notes, commercial paper, &c., it being remembered that

the statement of Muehlfeld & Haynes at the time of assignment was as follows: Nominal assets, \$81,588, the principal items of which were accounts receivable, \$18,365; materials, \$10,000; the liabilities at that time were \$31,701.

At the Germain sale Frank Muehlfeld is alleged to have purchased the stock sold.

In Town.

MONG the trade visitors who have been in New York the past week and among those who called at the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

S. M. Hockett, Hockett-Puntenney Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. H. Puntenney, Hockett-Puntenney Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. H. White, Wilcox & White, Meriden, Conn.

C. Steger, Steger Piano Company, Chicago, Ill.

E. M. Bruce, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. L. Alston, Quebec, Can.

C. J. Heppe, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chas. Becht, Smith & Barnes Piano Company, Chicago, Ill.

L. Levassor, Levassor Piano Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, H. A. Rothrock, Easton, Pa.

P. H. J. Lawrence, Easton, Pa.

A. A. Tarbeaux, A. M. McPhail Piano Company, Boston, Mass.

J. Mann, Mann & Eccles, Providence, R. I.

Henry M. Chase, Chase & Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.

E. N. Camp, Estey & Camp, Chicago, Ill.

E. M. Reed, Estey & Camp, St. Louis, Mo.

M. Gennett, Jesse French Piano and Organ Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Mehlin's Move.

HE retail business of the Mehlin Piano Company, which has been conducted from their factory, having proven very satisfactory, the warerooms at 27 Union square west have been engaged and retail business in Mehlin pianos will be conducted from there after September 1. A full line of Mehlin pianos will be carried. The retail trade will be pushed.

The offices of the Mehlin Piano Company will also be at 27 Union square, which place will be found more accessible to visiting dealers than the factory, Fortieth street and Tenth avenue.

Of course H. Paul Mehlin will be in command at 27 Union square, while his father, Paul G. Mehlin, will continue at the factory.

A Valuable Gift.

HE Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D. D., Archbishop of New York, donated not long since a large two manual pipe organ, made by J. H. & C. S. Odell & Co., of 407 and 409 West Forty-second street, this city, to the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Yonkers, which institution was dedicated the early part of August. This organ is an exact reproduction of the large chancel organ in St. Patrick's Cathedral at Fifth street and Fifth avenue.

The Staib Actions.

JUST a line to remind you piano manufacturers that there is being made in a new and extensive factory beyond the Harlem River piano actions which are meeting every requirement of a conscientious maker.

The Staib Piano Action Manufacturing Company, 134th street and Brook avenue, is the concern we have reference to, and the product of the factory is becoming well known. They make very excellent actions and have demonstrated this by securing a clientele which remains steadfast in spite of competition.

John Friedrich.

IN the London *Strad* of August appears an article by Dr. Frank Waldo, entitled A Great American Luthier, which treats of the skill and musically qualities of John Friedrich, of the firm of John Friedrich & Brother, Cooper Union, this city, manufacturers and repairers of violins and all embraced in that school.

The article is an interesting one and confers upon Mr. Friedrich a distinction well merited and which has been earned by many years of application to the intricacies of a luthier's vocation.

—Frank M. Joy, Ellsworth, Me., died last week.

—One of the McKannons brothers, of Burlington, Vt., is at present in Denver, Col., for his health.

—A. J. Brooks, of Sterling interests, and George Blumner, representing Geo. P. Bent's "Crown" pianos, were in Burlington, Vt., recently.

WANTED—At once, by a leading music house, an active and energetic piano salesman. Must give first-class references. Address, stating age, experience, &c., Clavier, care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

SITUATION—Wanted by a first-class sheet music and small goods clerk. Capable of taking entire management of department. Plays piano and several small instruments. Can sell pianos and organs if necessary. Address Music Clerk, care of Ludden & Bates, 98 Fifth avenue, New York city.

SECOND EDITION.**EMERSON ASSIGNS.**

HE Emerson Piano Company, of Boston, assigned yesterday, Tuesday, August 25, to Charles Torrey, James F. Powers and Jesse F. Wheeler, making the statement that their direct liabilities were less than \$150,000.

Mr. Torrey is president of the Boylston Bank; Mr. Wheeler is a representative of Long & Hemenway, who are attorneys for the Emerson Company.

The Emerson Piano Company, which was established in 1849, is at the present time a partnership and not an incorporated company. Mr. Patrick H. Powers, Mr. Orrin A. Kimball and Mr. Joseph Gramer are the proprietors. Aside from the Boston factory at 590 Harrison avenue, they maintained retail warerooms at 116 Boylston street, and have direct branch stores at 92 Fifth avenue, New York city, and 215 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

The assignment of the Emerson Piano Company will come as a shock to the trade in all sections of the country, and it will be sincerely hoped that the action is taken merely to effect a readjustment of the difficulties which they have been laboring under in common with every piano manufacturer.

The information reaches this office too late for detailed particulars, but it may be safely assumed that an investigation of the affairs of the company will show that it has been conducted not only in an honorable but in a very conservative manner, and there can be little doubt that the schedule of the assets will approach nearly if not quite the liabilities.

DEATHS BY WIRE.

GEO. H. GUILFORD DEAD.

HE following despatches were received from our Boston and Chicago offices at the moment of going to press:

BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER, 17 BEACON STREET, August 25, 1896.

Geo. H. Guilford, formerly with the Vose & Sons Piano Company, died at Ashmont, Mass., August 24. He was 57 years old. The funeral takes place to-morrow at 3 P. M.

CHARLES R. BOWEN.

CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, 29 Wabash Avenue, August 25, 1896.

CHARLES ROY BOWEN was drowned while bathing in the surf at Harbert, Mich., on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Bowen, although but 24 years of age, was one of the original stockholders of the Hallet & Davis Company, at Wabash avenue and Jackson street, Chicago, and was cashier and assistant treasurer of that corporation.

The news of his death was wired to Mr. Bowen's parents at their summer home at Eagle Lake, Wis., and was then brought to the city yesterday by R. K. Maynard, who had been an eye witness to the scene.

Mr. Bowen and George C. Aldrich, both expert swimmers, who were bathing at Harbert, Mich., seem to have been caught in an undertow. People on the beach saw their distress. A boat put out and Mr. Aldrich was found in an almost exhausted condition. Mr. Bowen was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Bowen's body was recovered yesterday and will reach Chicago at noon today; funeral tomorrow.

M R. M. B. GIBSON, president of the Weaver Organ and Piano Company, of York, Pa., has charge personally of a large exhibit of Weaver organs and of pianos of various makes at the Grangers' Picnic at William's Grove, Cumberland County, Pa. This fair is largely attended by people from a radius of from 1 to 200 miles. The Weaver Company has been the most prominent exhibitor at this place for years and almost invariably disposes of all the instruments on exhibition.

THE past week has shown that there is a little life left in New York retail trade. The weather has been propitious. People are commencing to come back from country and seashore, and piano warerooms in consequence have not looked so much like the Sahara desert. Five persons were seen at one time in a Fifth avenue wareroom last week. Three came to pay back instalments, one to ask extension, and the other to collect a commission. The latter proves that at one time there was one piano sold. Again, a little later in the day, there were three persons looking after pianos, so that it can be concluded that we are approaching the time characterized as the "looking season," which comes before the resumption of business.

Current Chat and Changes.

The third annual reunion of the International Piano Makers' Union of America was held Saturday last in Union Park.

The Pacific Music Company, Tacoma, Wash., has been incorporated. Capital stock, \$3,500. Incorporators—C. M. Morton, J. M. Roberts, C. F. Dominick.

Here is a case that was decided in Philadelphia recently by Judge Pennypacker sitting in Quarter Sessions Court, Part 1. The story is from the *Philadelphia Times*:

George Wilt, a young man, had been arrested at the instance of Robert H. Wilson, a dealer who sells on the instalment plan, charged with the larceny, as bailee, of a piano valued at \$180. When arraigned in court yesterday to answer the charge Wilt entered a plea of guilty, and the prosecutor was called to the witness stand.

He said that on Thursday, July 30, Wilt called at his place of business and purchased a piano on the instalment plan, the agreement being that he was to pay for it at the rate of \$8 per month. Wilt had the piano removed from the store, and the owner learned that it had been pawned the next day, Friday, after which he had Wilt arrested.

"You say you sold the piano to him?" asked Judge Pennypacker.

"Yes, sir," replied Wilson.

"You have made a mistake in entering a plea of guilty," said the judge addressing the prisoner. "A man may purchase a piano or any other article on the instalment plan, and when he does so he gets the title to the property and can do as he pleases with it. Sentence will be suspended in this case."

The prisoner was led from the dock, too much surprised to say anything, and the dealer walked from the court room as though he could not quite understand matters.

McKannon Brothers have opened a music store in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. E. Rowland has purchased the music business of George Rowland, Glenwood, Mich.

J. W. Fohrman will open warerooms in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Kemerer & Swartz are the new dealers in Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Louis Heusner has opened warerooms in the Frey Building, Findlay, Ohio.

Chamming & Kay will open new Brooklyn, N. Y., warerooms in September. The location is not yet decided.

William D. Smithfield, San Francisco, will close his warerooms there and move to San José, Cal.

The Blasius Piano Company, Woodbury, N. J., has filed papers in a suit for \$1,546.99 against James M. Martin and Lucien E. Snyder with the Circuit Court clerk in Kansas City, Mo. The suit is brought to get payment on four promissory notes uttered by the defendants.

A. C. Bailey, Burlington, Vt., is contemplating opening a branch in Littleton, N. H.

J. S. Brownlow, Danbury, Conn., will open a branch in Torrington, Conn.

J. T. Patterson, New York, has secured a judgment for \$80.65 against the Saalfeld Publishing Company, New York.

T. R. Cooley, Grass Valley, Cal., suffered loss by fire last week. Damage unknown.

A judgment for \$243 has been filed against C. D. Cameron, Carlisle, Pa.

A mortgage for \$1,500 is on record against F. W. Miles, Nashville, Tenn.

W. J. Sewall, dealer in pianos, organs and small musical instruments, Carthage, Mo., is reported to have given a real estate mortgage for \$2,500.

The Ellington Piano Company, of Cincinnati, August 13, secured a formal judgment in a replevin action brought against John W. Hannan, as sheriff. When M. F. Derrick, the South St. Paul street piano dealer, failed, he had in his store four pianos belonging to the Cincinnati firm.

The creditors conceded the claim and the pianos have been shipped back to the firm.

J. T. Adams, Bloomington, Ill., has confessed judgment for \$229.

Wm. Schlemmer, of Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., who is away on a little vacation, will return next week.

S. E. Hyser, Ithaca, N. Y., has sold his business to Lent & Moore.

Geo. C. Cox, manager of J. W. Martin & Brother, Syracuse, N. Y., has been at his old home in Springfield, Ill., in attendance on his mother, who has been seriously ill. She is now convalescent and Mr. Cox will return to Syracuse this week.

Needham Pianos and Organs.

IT was noted briefly in the last issue of this paper that the Needham Piano and Organ Company had just issued a new catalogue of pianos. Referring again to the matter, it can be said that this catalogue is in every respect superior to any printed matter heretofore turned out by this house, and that is saying a good deal, for they are liberal users of paper and printers' ink and invariably supply the trade with only the best and most artistic of advertising matter. The catalogue is presented with the characteristic humor and brevity which enter into the sayings and doings of Mr. Charles H. Parsons, the president of the company, who prepared the work.

"In presenting this book to the public we avoid the oft-repeated history of music, and speak only of that which will interest prospective buyers of the piano.

"When one is about to invest a considerable sum in a piano it becomes a matter of great importance to possess full information upon the subject, and we have therefore devoted a sufficient number of pages of this catalogue to an intelligent description of the construction of the Needham piano, and submit it with the earnest hope that it may prove of value to the buyer."

Then is entered into a rather full description of the parts of the piano, with illustrations. Following these are illustrated four new styles which will be run this fall, Nos. 40, 42, 51 and 54. The designs of these cases are modern in every particular and combine special features belonging to the Needham goods.

Isaac I. Cole & Son.

IT is the opinion of Mr. George Cole, of Isaac I. Cole & Son, that the business of the supply men for the coming season will be both active and profitable, based upon the supposition that during the past year manufacturers have purchased as little stock as could possibly be got along with, and that they are now practically out of working material.

There is always a brightening up of business about September 1, and with the first indications that goods are wanted every piano manufacturer in the country will be hustling for stock. "We have been purchasing logs and accumulating veneers during the summer, and have a large and complete assortment of all of the standard woods. We are prepared for business, and are thoroughly of the belief that it is coming."

F. B. Burns.

THE trade generally will be interested in knowing that Frank B. Burns, the scarf manufacturer, of 28 Union square, this city, has ready for the fall trade a fine line of printed silk and satin scarfs; also something new in Persian and Turkish velours.

One feature of Mr. Burns' business, and which is developing in a very satisfactory manner, is his mail orders for samples. Hardly a day passes that several of these inquiries are not received and the results are gratifying. He is on a Western trip at the present time with a complete line.

FACTORIES.

THE BALDWIN PIANO,
GILBERT AVENUE, CINCINNATI.

THE ELLINGTON PIANO,
BAYMILLER AND POPLAR STS., CINCINNATI.

THE VALLEY GEM PIANO,
BAYMILLER ST., CINCINNATI.

THE HAMILTON ORGAN,
HENRY STREET, CHICAGO.

Look Out for Style H.

BEHR BROTHERS & CO. are now ready with their new style H, which is one of the handsomest styles now on the market.

This style is the only one Behr Brothers & Co. manufacture with a double truss, and has been made to satisfy the dealers' demand for a piano case to fit appropriately a handsome parlor or music room without the owner of the music room or parlor being obliged to have a piano built for him. All of its lines are in harmony, while the effect is one of quiet richness. It is bound to become a great favorite with present Behr agents, and its introduction will bring other agents.

There is no concern in the trade that strives more conscientiously to please its dealers than Behr Brothers & Co. Believing as they do that the interests of the dealer are even more so theirs, Behr Brothers & Co. listen to every suggestion, and from these suggestions find a way to please all their agents.

And there are few agents in America who can point to their stock and say "The manufacturer did this at my suggestion," "The manufacturer altered that for me alone," "This style had a molding like this, but I didn't like it, so they changed it for me."

THE MUSICAL COURIER does not mean that Behr Brothers & Co. throw themselves unreservedly into the hands of their agents and adopt all their suggestions. No, of course not; but when an agent has a suggestion to make about the piano, and it is a feasible one, Behr Brothers & Co. are ever ready to comply.

Through this principle the firm is steadily forging ahead. Perhaps no manufacturer of pianos has done more to make and keep friends during these dull times than the Behrs. Right here it can be said that all Behr agents are glad at the stand taken by Behr Brothers & Co. on the second piano question. Without discussing the benefits or the disadvantages of the second piano it can be said that Behr Brothers & Co. are sure they are correct in their position, as to make a second piano requires other men, other capital, &c., as well as a divided interest in the management of the business. Dealers handling Behr pianos are not and will not be annoyed with competitors' talk about a second piano made by the Behrs, which in the hands of a retail salesman can do harm.

There is no divided interest in the house of Behr Brothers & Co. The manufacture of the Behr piano and promotion of its sale are the only impulses actuating all members of this concern, and the co-operation and fraternal feeling among the different departments make the house a strong one.

Braumuller Goes West.

M. OTTO BRAUMULLER, of the Braumuller Company, this city, started West the latter part of last week. He will take a vacation of two weeks at Mount Clemens, Mich., and from there visit the trade through the West and South, being away a month or so.

Some very excellent connections with several of the large houses have secured to the Braumuller Company a fairly active summer, and every indication points to not only a continuation of the same trade, but an increase as the season progresses. Mr. Turner, with Herman Braumuller, will look after the business during Mr. Braumuller's absence.

Nanuet on Sunday.

W. M. STRICH and R. M. Widenmann, of the firm of Strich & Zeidler, and Mr. Carl Fischer make a very genial coterie of trade people who pass their Saturdays and Sundays at Nanuet, N. J. It is presumable that matters other than "shop" are discussed. The country abounds in game and the men named are sportsmen. Mr. Strich returned on Monday morning from a two weeks' vacation, and can now be found pursuing his vocation, i. e., putting the finishing touches on Strich & Zeidler pianos.

WANTED—Outside piano salesman, for Philadelphia and vicinity. Best of reference required. Address P., THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.



CATALOGUES FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash Avenue, August 22, 1890.

THE is no doubt that if the Russell Piano Company is given credit for having had \$10,000 paid in capital that full justice is done it in this respect; nevertheless the concern was able, by its own statement, to obtain credit to the amount of \$64,000. A portion of this indebtedness is undoubtedly secured, how much is not known; but say one-half, which leaves it in debt at least three times the amount of its capital, and unsecured, which is still worse, because the secured creditors will undoubtedly absorb a larger portion of whatever assets there are.

Suppose a comparison should be made in the ratio of the amount of indebtedness to resources in the case of a recent failure with the last one and see how the matter stands. In the one case—Hallet & Davis Company, of Chicago—there were assets, \$283,000; liabilities, \$140,000; paid in capital, \$135,000. In the other there were assets, \$84,000; liabilities, \$64,000; paid in capital, \$10,000. The former concern on the basis of assets should have owed about \$900,000 and also about the same amount on the basis of paid in capital.

Now it seems that in the one case a local paper has gone into fits over the affair and in the other case we are seriously alarmed over the condition of its amiable editor when he comes to write about it. There will not be words in the English language capable of expressing his indignation, all on behalf of the poor, incapable piano dealers and manufacturers. He cannot save them this time, and if he cannot, who will?

Now, seriously, does anyone suppose that the W. W. Kimball Company, the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, Lyon & Healy, the Smith & Barnes Piano Company, Wm. H. Bush & Co., Steger & Co., Story & Clark, or any of the sound houses East or West, require telling what they shall do to be saved? or that the creditors, or anyone interested in these unfortunate affairs, are going to be influenced in their course by what the man referred to prints in his paper?

So far as the Hallet & Davis Company is concerned it is much better that it should go on and do business and profit by any errors which it may have made in the conduct of its business heretofore. It has \$283,000 of assets, and Mr. Maynard says they are as good as the assets of any other retail house; the capital stock does not have to be paid, and Mr. Maynard may be quoted as saying that, even under the receiver and doing business under a handicap, they are doing pretty well and will be able to meet the proposed payments and perhaps anticipate them.

Of course this is all premature speculation, because

as yet there has been no settlement, but before the matter is through with the dealers will probably have little cause to complain of the methods of business of the Hallet & Davis Company of Chicago, for, as one sound man says, we have no right to find fault with any house that pays its debts, and that is what the Hallet & Davis Company proposes to do.

This may seem like doing an injustice to Mr. Charles C. Russell, the head of the Russell Piano Company, but such is not intended. Mr. Russell has made a hard fight under the most disheartening surroundings. The concern has gone under and the prospects do not look favorable for a resumption. Much more money is needed in these times to compete in the piano manufacturing business than was possessed by his house.

The Chicago music trade must needs be all right hereafter, for have not we got a guardian angel who has taken it upon himself to look after the affairs of his specially appointed people? How sad that this self-appointed angel should not have had the foresight to have taken our affairs in hand previously.

It is encouraging to know that both the retail and wholesale trade have slightly improved, but, as was said by one man, "a very little business makes a decided percentage of improvement in these times."

Russell Piano Company.

"The Russell Piano Company confessed judgment Tuesday last in the Circuit Court in favor of Fred McCall and J. P. Bull for amounts aggregating \$29,778. The stock of the company was levied on by Deputy Sheriff Bery.

"The insolvent corporation has been in business for three years. The officers are: C. C. Russell, president, and W. H. Evans, secretary. The failure is ascribed to the inability of the concern to meet current liabilities. The company's statement is that its assets are \$85,000 and liabilities \$64,000, but the creditors are inclined to think that the liabilities will run above the assets.

"When the factory of the company was in full operation the weekly pay roll amounted to \$2,000. Most of the creditors of the company are Eastern concerns, the Chicago liabilities being placed at less than \$5,000.

"The principal judgment creditor is Fred McCall, whose claim is \$25,713.

"J. P. Bull has a judgment of \$3,865 against the company."—*Tribune*.

The paragraph relating to the Chicago liabilities is wrong, as the company owed \$28,000 to one banker, and this in itself is over 500 per cent. more than they are placed at in the above statement.

The facts are that the Russell Piano Company was in the hands of several money sharks, to whom it was paying enormous interest, as the thing turns out, and in such times as these it was utterly impossible for it to pull through.

The whole affair from beginning to end only illustrates the folly of entering the piano manufacturing business with no knowledge of it and no capital. It was the direct action of these so-called money sharks that caused the downfall; it was one of these that placed on record the paper which precipitated the trouble.

Chase Brothers Piano Company.

The warerooms of this company in this city give evident proof that they are doing business. Out of the immense stock of pianos which could be found there even as late as one month ago, there are very few left. They have

had quite a stock of the new styles of Chase Brothers and Hackley pianos, but even these have been mostly disposed of. The new styles are decidedly attractive, the tone is also excellent and the action light and responsive. Altogether, do not make the mistake of thinking that the Chase Brothers Piano Company is not strictly "in it."

They Will Try It.

A. M. Rothschild & Co., the last large department store to be organized in Chicago, will try what many of the same kind of stores have tried and failed at, viz., selling pianos. They have a man by the name of C. E. Hughes, who claims to have come from Columbus, Ohio, at the head of the musical instrument department. The stock of goods is neither extensive nor attractive; there is only one cheap piano in stock and two organs. The piano looks like one of our cheapest Chicago makes. We do not think the trade need fear such competition, particularly as they propose to sell only for cash.

Steinway Hall.

The improvements in this popular concert hall are now nearly completed. The gallery has been cut away, wings built on each side and boxes arranged in front of the wings, which serve as passageways for the boxes. Electric fans, or, more properly speaking, electric ventilating wheels, will be used. The change will not increase the seating capacity, which will still remain at 800, but it will be far more attractive and the acoustic qualities will be improved.

Personals.

Mr. Alfred Schindler is in the city and will spend a short time at Elkart Lake, Wis., after which he will, about the first of September, begin a Western trip to occupy a couple of weeks. He will then proceed Eastward, making such stops as he deems necessary for the furtherance of the interests of the Marshall & Wendell piano.

Mr. J. G. Ebersole, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. James R. Mason, of the Sterling Company, of Derby, Conn., made his appearance in the city this morning. Mr. Mason says he is not out to sell goods, but is selling them, to quote his exact words. He goes from here to Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. A. M. Shuey, of Minneapolis, Minn., is in town to-day on his return trip from the East.

Mr. Gust. Ad. Anderson, of Van Wert, Ohio, was here this week. His concern has already got out its first finished piano, which is being shown now and is already sold. The formal opening will not occur until September 9.

Mr. E. B. Bartlett, with the W. W. Kimball Company, is in Wisconsin on his vacation.

Mr. C. Becht, with the Smith & Barnes Piano Company, is now on his way East, having left yesterday.

Mr. Herman Leonard, representing Alfred Dolge & Son, who was here looking after their interests in the Russell concern, left for home yesterday.

Mr. James M. Hawxhurst has returned from his Eastern visit.

Mr. W. W. Kimball is still away, presumably in the East, enjoying himself.

Mr. A. G. Cone was to have left for Colorado yesterday or to-day.

Mr. H. D. Cable and Mr. Geo. W. Tewksbury are both in the city, and Mr. P. J. Healy is attending to business and permits himself only the semi-weekly trip to his summer home at Lake Geneva.

PIANOS.

The Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier are found only in the "Crown" Pianos.



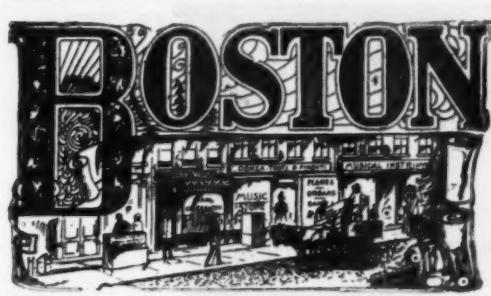
ORGANS.

The Most Modern and Salable Reed Organs now on the market.

GEO. P. BENT.

COR. WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
AND SANGAMON STREET,

CHICAGO.



THE are no general vacations this summer among the members of the Boston trade. Some have indulged in short fishing excursions, and most of them have spent their evenings on the local shores, but Europe has seen no member of the Boston trade on pleasure bent, nor has any extensive tour been undertaken embracing a long period of absence.

How does New York compare with this? Mr. A. H. Fischer and family are spending the summer as usual near New London, and other Fischers have cottages on the Jersey coast. Mr. William Steinway, after fighting the hottest hot spell New York ever endured (or not), went to Richfield Springs, and is working there as hard as in his New York office, of course. Messrs. Charles and Fred. Steinway have made dashes across to Europe, where Mr. Tretbar is for the first time in 20 years, and Mr. Stetson had about ten days at the Isle of Shoals.

Mr. Sohmer went to Europe—smart man, for that was the thing to do after so many years of absence and incessant labor. Wessell and his friends took in Greenwood Lake for a period. Mr. Simpson went to his Lake George cottage, as he annually does. But were there any other vacations of consequence? We do not believe Chicago can show up many. Mr. Keidel, of the Knabe house, like a sensible man, took his whole family to Europe last May, and they are all enjoying themselves, while the brunt of the work is devolving upon his son, Charles, Jr., and a bright one he is.

So it will be seen that there have not been many great vacations. Boston is not an exception; it follows the rule and without elaborating. We all know why the piano men stayed at home or near home.

Great News.

The following paragraph is reprinted here just to show how much news there is and what it is worth.

ATTLEBORO, Aug. 17, 1806.—B. C. Sprague, an organ dealer on South Main street, has disappeared, and his friends fear he has killed himself. He has been gone a week. He left his office to be gone a couple of hours, and when his stay was prolonged search was made for him in Bristol, R. I., where his wife is, and in other places it was thought he might be, but no trace of him has been discovered.

He was agent for C. C. Harvey & Co., of Boston, and seemed to be doing a good business, and no financial reasons, so far as known, warrant his absenting himself in this manner. He was very attractive in appearance and manners, always dressed well and weighed about 165 pounds. A few months ago he married Miss Mary Briggs, of this town, and lived with her people on Bank street, where she and her mother own considerable property.

Now the reason for reprinting this is to state that

the report, as taken from the Boston *Herald*, is not true, but nothing has appeared in that great daily to neutralize the bad effect of this false report.

It is similar to the course of a paper that constantly insists, even with crocodile tears, that it seeks only for justice and right and truth; we refer to the New York *Sun*. On three or four occasions that great daily has published items regarding a certain Foster who, at one time, was a reporter on THE MUSICAL COURIER staff. On each occasion the *Sun* stated that Foster belonged at the time of the published statement to the staff of this paper in London, and on each occasion this statement was false. Finally a letter was addressed to the *Sun* asking for a correction of these misstatements, for what was printed in the *Sun* was not true. But that paper refused to print the truth and permitted the lie to remain on its record uncorrected. That is, of course, justice, right and truth. This can injure no one except the *Sun*, for a lie is a lie even when it appears in the *Sun*. It makes no difference to anybody in particular, and we publish this only to show to our readers that great daily papers are must less solicitous of accuracy than the lesser lights, although they should be more anxious for truth, if a pursuit of truth can be estimated relatively.

Less News.

But news as a journalistic commodity does not exist in Boston at present. We regret, however, to record the fact that Mr. C. H. W. Foster, of Chickering's, had the misfortune to lose a young child last week. The sympathies of everyone go out to him in his bereavement.

Trade news, as trade news, does not exist. We could go into lengthy disquisitions showing how each house disagrees with all other houses in its opinions of the future trade, but always ends up finally by agreeing.

And we could publish interview upon interview, representing all shades of views of piano men on all possible questions except silver, for on silver there seems to be an opinion that can be called only unanimous, and that is, of course, against the white and handsome metal.

The Boston piano men are gold men, but that again is not news at all.

H. & D.

We are not prepared to make any statement regarding the negotiations pending with the Hallet & Davis Piano Company and its creditors. A meeting of the same will be called in due time, and it is all really no one's business except the creditors'. Now that the Chicago Hallet & Davis Company proposes to settle on a basis covering 24 months, one hundred cents on the dollar, there can be no great difficulty ahead in arranging everything on a satisfactory basis.

For Sale.

THE MUSICAL COURIER is for sale on all the leading news stands of Boston and vicinity. Also at Newport, Narragansett Pier, Bar Harbor, Saratoga, Long Branch, Atlantic City, Cape May, Nantucket, Mar-

tha's Vineyard and so forth. 10 cents single copies, \$4 a year subscription.

Piano Players.

We have frequently asserted, asseverated and proclaimed that Mr. E. P. Mason, the president of the Mason & Hamlin Company, is probably the most cultivated and intellectual musician in the piano trade. He is a pupil of Dr. William Mason, and one of his most talented ones. Now, this does not imply any reflection upon other musical minds in the piano trade, but, on the contrary, raises the standard so high that it necessarily constitutes a compliment to any other piano man who claims to be a musician, and who must thereby stand in comparison or contrast (as he chooses) with Mr. Mason.

William Dalliba Dutton, at Hardman's, is a man of advanced musical gifts, fine, delicate touch of the old school, studied Cramer and Clementi (by the way, old piano stencilers themselves), and probably plays Doehler and Kalkbrenner and Ravina and Alois Schmidt to-day. He ought to try Godowsky's left-hand studies; better than four hands by Moscheles.

Mr. Stetson is a good musician, excellent taste and discernment, judicious and conservative critic, and as fine a judge of the piano as Mason and William Dalliba Dutton. Mr. Nembach, of George Steck & Co., is a thorough musician, a practical one, and has a large repertory of piano music of the legitimate school at his finger's tips.

Then let us, without asking permission, mention Handel Pond, of the Ivers & Pond Piano Company. His touch is what may be termed the feather touch, and he can even make a poor piano sound well, much less an Ivers & Pond, which sounds well anyhow.

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HAS COME TO STAY.

118 Boylston Street,

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OUR CLAIMS.

We are making the WESER BROTHERS PIANOS, and assert that for modern improvements, for intelligent and strong talking points, for a Piano that appeals to the purchasing public in price, there is nothing offered which is so THOROUGHLY SATISFACTORY to the dealer.

WESER BROTHERS,

524, 526 and 528 West 43d Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

These are all men who have studied the piano as a musical instrument, and not incidental performers, as is the case with so many otherwise excellent men in the piano trade. They can play fugues, sonatas, Chopin (of course) and many others which it were superfluous to mention here.

The young members of Kranich & Bach, Messrs. Kranich and Bach, are pianists, and young Alvin Kranich at Leipsic is a piano virtuoso; his letters from Leipsic, in this paper, are read by everyone with avidity. Mr. Ferdinand Mayer, of the Chickering, is a musician-pianist, of course. There is no mistake about that the moment he touches the instrument, and the same may be said of Mr. Müller, at Julius Bauer & Co.'s, Chicago. Knows the whole piano repertory; all of it.

Testing Pianos.

But we are off the track entirely. We wished to say something about some piano tests made last week by Mr. E. P. Mason and the Editor, and during these interesting experiments, devoted solely to about eight Mason & Hamlin uprights, embodying a variety of constructive principles and limited entirely to tone distinctions and differences, not to quality, which naturally varied with differences—we say, during these experiments we again had occasion to observe the nicety and refinement of Mr. Mason's expert judgment. Now mind, no effort was made to compare Mason & Hamlin uprights with other makes; it was merely a test of differences and of individual distinctions among some of the best Mason & Hamlin uprights themselves, and we leave it to Mr. Mason to state how THE MUSICAL COURIER emerged from the test, for we were really, at the time, submitting to the ordeal of his test.

Steinway & Sons.

The Estate of Croker, of Boston, is about finishing a building on Boylston street which, we learn, will be occupied in September by the M. Steinert & Sons Company. The lower floor has three large arches in imitation of the old Mason & Hamlin building on Tremont street, and over the centre arch, cut out of the virgin block of stone, we find the name of Steinway & Sons; on the side and in the alleyway is the name of the occupants.

Some people might be under the impression that this new building is to be occupied by Steinway & Sons (for it does not say Steinway pianos, but Steinway & Sons), but the lease of the Croker Estate is not to Steinway & Sons, but to the M. Steinert & Sons Company. Probably the mason who cut the name out of the block got the two names mixed. As it now looks Steinway & Sons appear to be about selling Steinert pianos in that soon to be opened store. Anyone uninitiated in the piano trade (and there are a few such people still left in this world whose ignorance of the subject have not forfeited their claims to be otherwise intelligent) would naturally conclude this even after reflection.

All the same, it is a good scheme. We have not the slightest doubt that eventually some Steinert pianos will be on the market, uprights we refer to, not



THIS is one of the most attractive styles of piano that will be offered this fall. It is known as the Style D, Smith & Barnes.

The dimensions are: 4 feet 6 inches high, 5 feet wide, 2 feet 2 inches deep, and it is a $7\frac{1}{2}$ octave scale. It is furnished in French burl walnut finish, solid antique oak, mahogany finish and ebony finish. It has solid and engraved duet desk and panels, roll fallboard, carved trusses, solid hardwood frame, continuous hinge on the fallboard, full iron plate, enameled and ornamented, compound rock maple wrest plank, nickel plated hammer rail and brackets, overstrung bass, three pedals, three unisons. **And the Price is Right.**

Address, SMITH & BARNES PIANO COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

grands, for such grands with the new revolutionizing action will kill all other grands, and it would not be good policy to put them on the market just now, when some grands with old style Steinway actions are still in stock. But upright Steinert pianos are bound to appear in New England, and, asking it fairly and squarely, why not? The name of Steinert on a piano is valuable and many could be, would be and will be sold. Why not? In these days, when the whole piano trade is undergoing a radical re-formation, such a thing as a Steinert upright would be but a natural result of a most natural trade movement.

Wareroom Owners.

Speaking of the Steinert concern moving into Croker's Estate warerooms reminds us of many piano dealers who occupy their own buildings and do not pay rent. Let's see.

Droop of Washington owns his building.
Leland of Worcester owns his building.
Mackie of Rochester owns his building.
And Utley of Buffalo owns his building.
Denton & Cottier own their Buffalo house.

Gram of Milwaukee owns his store.
Teupe of Louisville owns his wareroom.
And Koerber of St. Louis owns his place.
Pittsburgh has a great showing.

Mellor & Hoene, S. Hamilton, Kappel and H. Kleber's firm all own their buildings. Mind, we are speaking of dealers now altogether.

Grunewald of New Orleans owns his, and the Goggans of Galveston own theirs, and the Curtaz firm of Frisco own theirs.

Lothrop, of Dover, owns his whole block, and then there is a whole lot of them in the hundreds of smaller places who own their warerooms. The list would fill pages of this paper. It just shows what a fine line of business the piano and organ trade always has been and, by inference, must be in the future development of the country. One would not suspect, upon hearing any of these property owners of the piano trade talking, that they were of much consequence, their modesty being in strange contrast with the usual wind capacity of many others, who can claim nothing except claims. But then we live in a big world and it takes all kinds of piano men to make it, some with real estate of their own to do business in and some who must rent to do business in. All that is wanted, however, is business.

THE JEWETT PIANO

will be more than usually attractive this Fall, both in style and price.
A postal procures particulars.

JEWETT PIANO CO.,
LEOMINSTER, MASS.

HOT SHOT FOR POCSET.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., August 22, 1896.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

BEFORE I go any further I merely wish to say that I will bet a pumpkin against a peanut that M. T. Pocset, who said some time ago that he will not mix in politics in any silver discussion, will be unable to keep away from politics in debating this agitating question. He cannot do it. In his last long rigmarole he disclaims politics, but he fires right into it and brings up the stale old negro question in the South, the practical disenfranchisement of the negro, as he calls it, really one of the most vital political and social questions of the day. He starts right in with it with the glowing enthusiasm of an old style, red hot, radical Black unreformed Republican. That kind of talk is just what the South wants, for it makes Bryan votes right along. We don't want any resuscitation of carpet bag government down here or any new crops of negro politicians with negro legislatures to disgrace our States in our generation, and we are never afraid to say so, and we are not going to let such a state of things be sneaked in upon us under a guise of a sympathetic gold agitation. No, you cannot catch us that way, Mr. Pocset, and that's the very reason we are nearly all going to vote for Bryan. Gold with us, besides many other curses, means Republican negro domination, and that is not going to take place. Silver means continued State Democratic rule, with the white man where he ought to be—in command. Besides that, negroes do not buy pianos, Mr. Pocset.

And, dear sir, with a gold basis and cotton down to six or seven cents a pound how many Southern farmers are there who can buy pianos? Like all other things, cotton has gone down under the swing of the gold bugger until it hardly pays to raise it. It cannot go down any further under silver, granting even the ridiculous arguments of the gold buggers. All staple products of the doomed farmer are down to the starvation point, cotton being only one. Look at corn; it's got to be burned again. Look at wheat. And, Mr. Pocset, what's the matter with pianos? You want pianos and the piano trade discussed without introducing politics; very well, I'll show you how to do it.

In my first question, in showing the prosperity of a certain section, and a small one, I asked: "Where am I?" Now I am going to ask: "Where are you, Mr. Pocset, in these golden days?" You are so very solicitous regarding myself. I return the compliment sympathetically by evincing the same keen solicitude for you.

In former days when I read your communications to THE MUSICAL COURIER I found them full of wit, humor and cheerfulness. Nowadays they are compendiums of book learning; they show the seriousness of the gold situation as viewed through your personal spectacles in your own case. You have lost your wit because you are no longer original; your humor is drowned in a sea of platitudes and your

cheerfulness must be the result of an empty pocket. For many years you were a prosperous piano road salesman, enjoying the confidences of a number of large houses who had the benefit of your vast experience and the extensive trade acquaintance you control. Your honesty has never been questioned; your ability is acknowledged, and yet you have been hanging about trying to get an acceptable position and you seem unable to catch on. Have you ever tried to fathom the reason? You certainly could be made useful; you know that. But there is no use for you or for anyone like you who is not already in a place, and if gold wins some of those must also be bounced. Have you ever tried to fathom that reason? You want piano talk; you say that piano talk interests us readers of this paper. I'll give you all the piano talk you want, and I will only mix such politics in it as you mix in your pretended piano talk.

Under your favorite gold basis, pianos have tumbled way down in price. Talk about \$75 pianos! I know of a man in New York State who bought three in New York city at a factory for \$200 because he had your favorite metal or its equivalent in cash. If it becomes or ever sinks into a question of personal veracity, which I shall avoid, I can mention his name. He showed me the pianos and the receipted bill. Lots of such pianos are now made. Nearly all the "seconds" are of that or kindred quality. My friend Mr. George P. Bent, of Chicago, maintains that it is a mistake to make two grades of pianos in one factory and that the finer of the two grades is bound to get a black eye. When these piano manufacturers are driven into making cheap boxes, as this paper maliciously calls them, does he expect them to hire special factories to make the cheap ones and keep the higher grade factories empty and lose all that money represented by a decaying investment? My friend Mr. Bent, who, I bet, is also a gold bugger, does not see that they cannot do as he says they should do or he is too clever to admit that he does see it. Either hole is a bad one. A blind man and even Mr. Pocset can see that. I guess Bent, who always knows just what he is about, could see it quicker than anybody else, for he designed the hole in which he wanted them to drop.

Under the tyrannical sway of gold, a currency that can be manipulated at will by speculators, the piano of this country has actually reached the European level of wholesale cost, and the result is such a picayune percentage of profit that the manufacturer cannot use the services of costly and brilliant salesmen like, for instance, Mr. Pocset, and that is the reason Mr. Pocset can find no place, although he has been hunting one for more than a year, and has probably had the influence of THE MUSICAL COURIER with him in his hunt too. Mr. Pocset could probably get a place, but only on the gold basis. Judging from the places he has had, he must have been a \$2,500 or a \$3,000 man. People making pianos selling from \$70 to \$150 or \$165 don't want Mr. Pocset, because they cannot afford to. They'll spend that money in THE MUSICAL COURIER and accomplish far better results.

While the dealer Jews the salesman down in price THE MUSICAL COURIER makes a piano appear near to what it deserves and bolsters up the price. I've seen all that; you cannot put sawdust in my eyes.

Under silver with decent figures, with a redundant currency and a living profit brought about by the vastly increased activity of trade, which, as Bourke Cockran says, is the real test of prosperity, pianos will bring the old style profits to makers and dealers; high commissions will again be paid to teachers, who will then encourage their pupils and friends to buy pianos, and the men of Mr. Pocset's stripe will get decent wages because they can again make themselves useful. If gold wins Mr. Pocset will get about \$1,000 a year. He will not take it unless he must, and he will then once more retire to his wife's home in Jew Jersey, as he calls that State.

For a long time he wintered and he summered there during all these gold days, and I should like to ask him if his wife can get as much for that house and its acres as she paid for them out of her inheritance and his old-time savings. I'll bet not half. I stopped over for a week in Newark last summer with a friend who knows of Mrs. Pocset's people (the Gusehimers), and he gave me a glowing description of the neat kind of place Pocset has there. Being interested always in Pocset, I asked what it was worth. "I know it stood Mrs. Pocset about \$9,000 stiff, but I bet she could not get \$7,000 for it to-day at auction." Can Mrs. Pocset get \$8,000 for that homestead to-day? If she could at any time during the past four or six years have gotten the original \$9,000 would she have not have sold it, and would not Pocset have gone into the piano business on his own account?

My friend in Newark told me that all New Jersey property was way down and going downer—all under the gold sway. How much further down can it go? Where is your taxable basis going when real estate falls, as it has been falling everywhere except in those spots where the gold bugger operates? Of course there is the place where it goes up. If poor M. T. Pocset, Esq., had bought a few inches of ground near Wall street in New York, near State street in Boston, near Third street in Philadelphia, near the Board of Trade in Chicago, it would now be worth double, treble as much; but M. T. Pocset is too poor to get in with that gang, and he buys what one of them is

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glad to get rid of and he gets stuck, as all of us everywhere get stuck under the tyrannical gold basis.

Let me ask Mr. Poccet, as one piano man would ask another, what progress he has made since the demonetization of silver in 1873? That's 28 years ago. The many experiences he has been giving us during the many years he has been writing for this paper leads me to conclude that Mr. Poccet is a mature man of some 46 to 48 years. In fact, I heard in Chicago that he is married 16 years and that he was 31 when he married, which makes him 47. Well, he was 21 years old when they demonetized silver and his whole business experience is embraced in that period. What has he accomplished? I said before that he is known as honest and capable, but I forgot to say that he has the reputation of being a very hard-working man when he is out on business, and has a shrewd make-up. What has gold in its monopolistic control of our business system done for Poccet, Esq., and for a whole army of men I can mention in the piano trade who have been at it hard for a quarter of a century?

You see I am holding Poccet right down to piano facts and his own personal experiences. Let him answer these points: Where is he to-day and what are his prospects under a continued gold system? What is his future if silver is not restored as a companion to gold currency? Where will he land?

I am not going to be bashful and thereby sacrifice one of the strongest points of my argument; I am going to ask straight questions and I am going to tell things just as they are seen by all of us who propose to be honest with ourselves.

THE MUSICAL COURIER certainly does not need him, particularly if he has lost his old-time cunning and the accompanying mental resources. Excuse me, but piano trade discussions are dry enough without any of Mr. Poccet's pedantic gold defense. Of course, under the circumstances I do not blame him for not being cheerful; he cannot help that, but the paper does not care to be loaded down with drivel of that kind. Well, if your paper does not want his services which paper does? They are all gold papers in the music trade, and if he could be of no use to you he certainly is useless to the others, and this brings me to one other very interesting gold argument.

I can very easily understand why you are a gold paper, but the other papers in your line are enigmas to me. It is too late now, but it seems to me that it would have meant a pile of money for any of the other music trade papers to have jumped in and favored silver; for heavens knows they certainly have no living reason for advocating gold except the command of their advertisers. What is their history and what have they amounted to in this gold monopoly period?

You, of course, represent monopoly yourself. THE MUSICAL COURIER has always stood for high prices, for big houses, for the great representative men, for those who were rapidly mounting the ladder of fame and wealth, and you have been thick as mud with the Steinways, the Hazeltons, the millionaire F. G.

Smith, the old wealthy Smiths of Boston, the Chickering's, the Fischers with their wealth, Scanlan, Pease from the start, the Kranich & Bachs, Dolge, the Estey house and Fuller (why, what you have printed about them must fill a volume!), the Mason & Hamlin's; and then West, the Baldwins and later on the Cables and Kimball and the whole millionaire music trade aggregation besides, for four or five years past, booming Andrew Carnegie's musical enterprises in New York and Pittsburgh and lots of musical things in which wealth is interested. You must have been very deeply associated with the three great financial enterprises of Paderewski in this country, and you probably started your London paper to push him in a diplomatic and occult manner in Europe. I heard it said in Chicago once that he put up the money to start that London paper. Oh, I haven't read your paper for over a dozen years without observing things between the lines! I don't belong to the Damphool family; so I can very readily understand why you are a gold paper.

But, my God! the others; what have they accomplished during all these years of a gold régime? What? Can silver impede them any more than gold has? Look at them. Look at Fox. I know him well; mighty nice fellow; good hearted through to the core. Sometimes a little impetuous, but he feels worse than anybody else afterward. His wife has been always self-supporting. He has only had himself to look to. His paper would not bring \$5,000 at auction if he were to retire to-morrow, and I don't believe that outside of it Fox can show \$20,000 in saving after 16 years of work in the gold fields. Is that any thing?

Mr. Abbott is a good fellow in his way. Inoffensive, painstaking, hardworking, economic and friendly to nearly everybody. His paper would not bring anything for the same reason Fox's wouldn't. Both men have been working for the same point in different directions. Both have been trying to build up a property, and both have failed to accomplish any result amounting to anything when one considers the years, the labor and the energy expended. Why, then, should they continue to favor a continuation of a condition that has made it so difficult for them to accomplish even this insignificant result?

Harger amounts to no history yet, and unless we get silver he will drag along a weary existence; under gold he hasn't a ghost of a show. In New York there is no paper in the music trade that has any commercial value outside of yours. Mr. Bill's family has a little money and he has saved a little; may be \$20,000 or less. The other trade editors are actually poor men, and some of them who have struggled terribly under this gold weight deserve a better fate. A good many of these trade editors have no names at all, I hear, to do business with, and how can they favor gold when under the gold monometallic standard they have been unable to make money, or to make sufficient to redeem their names or to create any properties? They must, under gold, certainly continue this way. There is no show for them at all.

particularly as THE MUSICAL COURIER is the recognized organ and oracle of the whole aggressive piano and music gold clique. If gold wins there is no possibility of paralleling your paper, which again proves that it is a monopolistic currency. A single gold standard creates great Standard Oil monopolies; great combines in commerce, in industry, in journalism, in finance. Even in the relatively insignificant music trade this is proven, and even in your line of class journalism it is definitely exemplified by incontestable facts.

What chance therefore have these foolish trade editors (and they show how foolish they are by advocating gold and helping you even more than you can help yourself), and what is the future of your most estimable contributor Mr. Poccet? I should like to get his notions. I have kept politics out and, God knows, I've stuck to the piano trade.

Yours, with thanks for space,
JOE B. SILAS (en route).

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The name of the dealer can be inserted either at the top or bottom.

We first published it some months ago, and those dealers who adopted it are continuing it. Try it.

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the wrest plank and frame are weak or strong; whether the lumber is properly seasoned or not; whether good or inferior glue has been used; how much pains has been taken in putting it together; to tell all this at sight is hard, almost impossible; use will tell. When your piano loses its rigidity, checks, becomes rickety, does not stay in tune, &c., you will know it, but it will be too late. We cannot tell you what makes of pianos are weak in these points, but we can tell you how the Packard is made—it is a good example of strong building. Pianos are generally built on the same plan all through—good, indifferent or bad. If you find a piano as good as the Packard throughout, it will probably have as solid a wrest plank and as strong a frame, and vice versa.

To be durable these must be built of only well seasoned, kiln dried, specially selected lumber; this is important, because improperly dried lumber will give out moisture in dry weather, and absorb it in damp weather. It must seem peculiar that very dry lumber does not absorb dampness like lumber that is not seasoned. But look at a perfectly dry sponge; it won't soak up water nearly so well as a damp one—and with lumber it's the same.

In the jointing and gluing together of the wrest plank and frame the Packard joints are toothed and glued. You can't tell what quality of glue has been used by looking at it, but on the glue depends much of the durability of the piano. Some makers use the very cheapest, and the rest run up the scale till you reach the Packard and a few

others, upon which the very dearest is used. Not because it's dearest, but in spite of it. The dearest is the strongest.

From the new catalogue of the Packard piano, manufactured by the Fort Wayne Organ Company, a catalogue which should be in the hands of every enterprising dealer.

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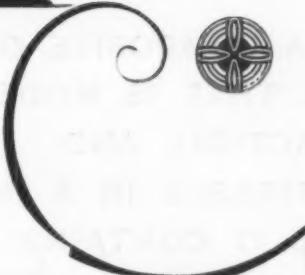


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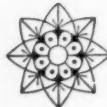
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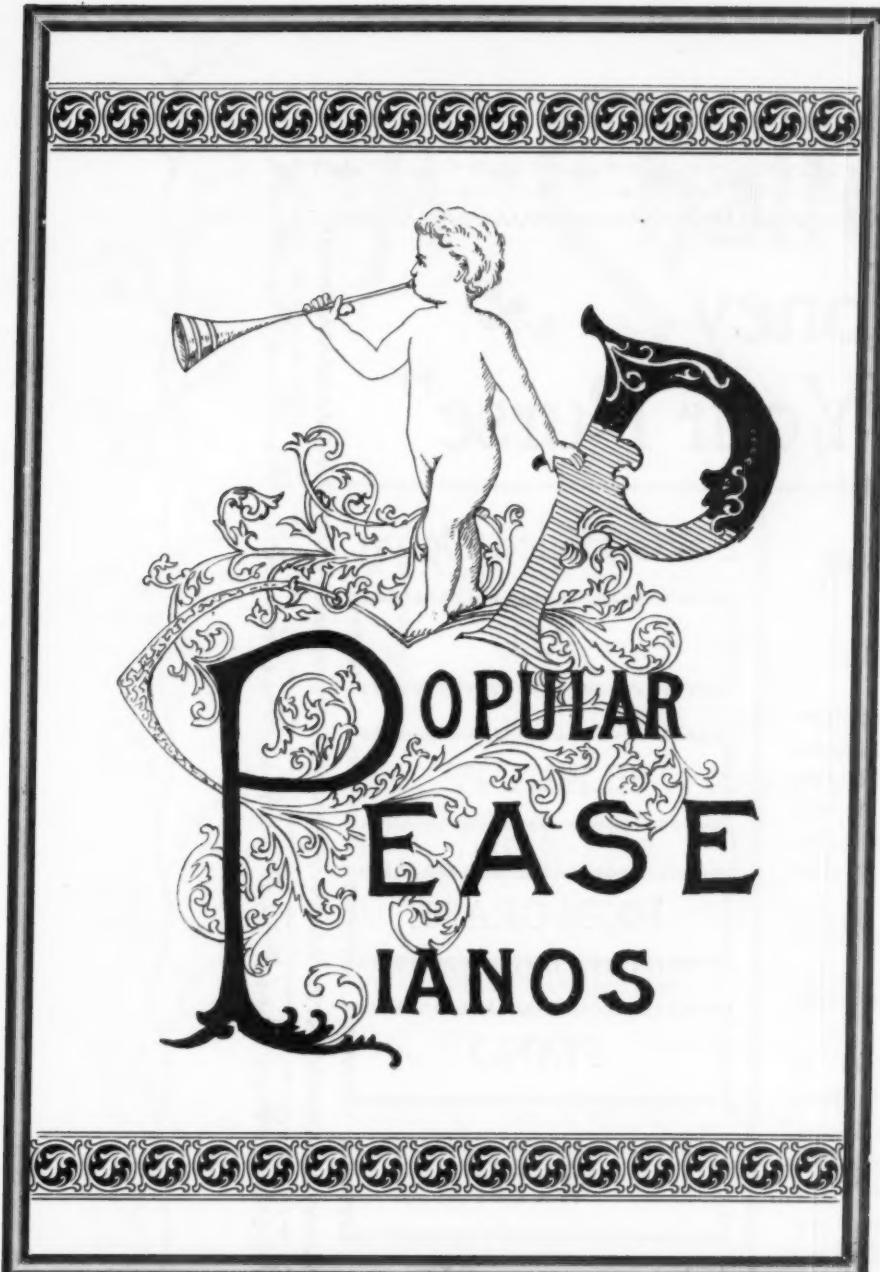
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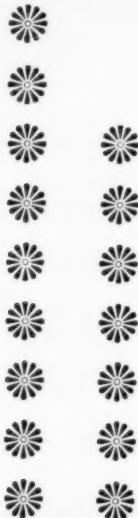
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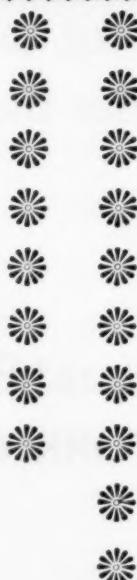


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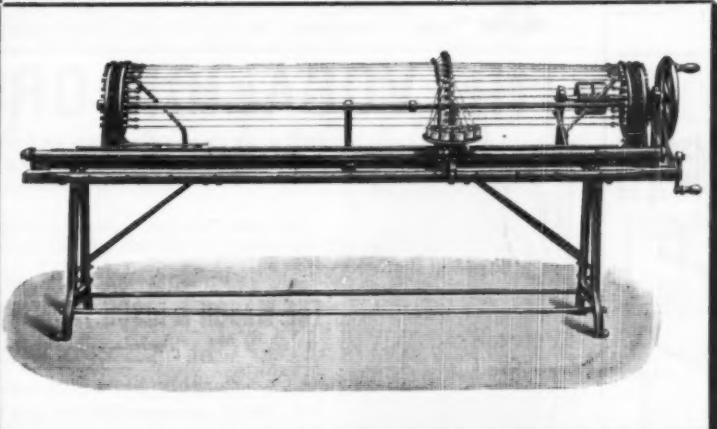
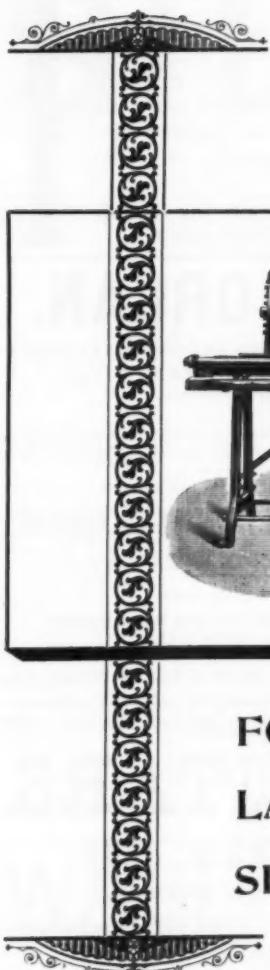


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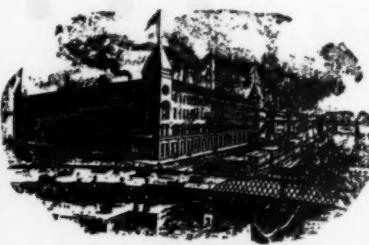
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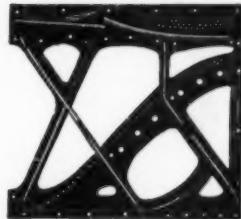
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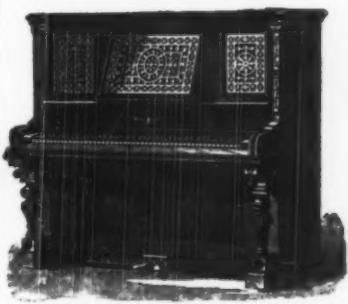
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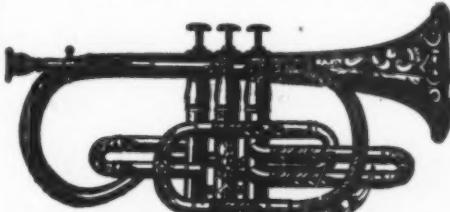
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